The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

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CANTIGNY'S TEST OF YANK FIGHTER WAR'S VITAL POINT

Proof to Allies That Balance of Arms Was in Their Favor

GERMANY'S BEST REPULSED

Two Harrowing Days for 1st Division Write Glorious Chapter in American History

It is possible that in those ancient years when Rome was crumbling before the attacks of the barbarians from beyond the Rhine, or when western Gaul was trembling beneath the armies of Attila, the civilized world of the time may have felt itself as gravely threatened with destruction as did modern civilization during the months of April, May and June, 1918, when once again the Huns, as always through the ages the assailants of the higher types of human development, were making their supreme effort to crush the armies of the Allies upon the soil of France. But never in past eras, certainly, was the stake involved for humanity so vast, so world-embracing, and never did the outcome of a supreme struggle seem to hang more perilously in the balance.

On the one hand was a German army on the Western front, reinforced to nearly twice its former proportions by the collapse of Russia, armed and trained to the last degree of perfection and animated by a hope of success, which, because it was based upon such almost immeasurable strength, amounted to conviction. On the other hand were the armies of France and England, doggedly determined still, but sorely tried through nearly four years of ceaseless battle and cruelly battered by the gigantic plunges of the enemy in his spring offensive.

The Unknown Factor

What factor could furnish to one side or the other the balance of weight which might turn the scale? The only factor in view which might accomplish this result was on the side of the Allies, but it was one so new, so untried and so incompletely developed that in those days of early spring, when the German battering ram had driven a wedge between the British and French armies nearly to the coast west of Amiens, and another deep into the vitals of the British front at Kemmel Hill, that its ability to turn the tide of battle could only be hoped for, not certainly relied upon.

This factor was the Army of the United States, which had been in the war theoretically for a year, but which was as yet represented in the zone of the armies by only a few insignificant divisions, and these few trained only for the terrible ordeal of modern warfare by experience in quiet, stabilized sectors. It was, of course, necessary that they should eventually be subjected to the supreme test, but, though Americans themselves might feel perfect confidence in what the results of that test would be, it could not have been without some misgivings that the French high command ordered the 1st Division, U.S.A., Major General Robert Lee Bullard, commanding, to occupy the divisional sector fronting Cantigny, in which it took position on April 25, 1918.

The Hope of the Allies

The sector of Cantigny was not merely an important one in the Allied line of battle; it may be said to have been almost supremely important. Lying a few kilometers northwest of Montdidier, which, like Cantigny itself, was in the possession of the Germans, and about 25 kilometers southeast of Amiens, it was at the very apex of the salient which the enemy had gained in their March offensive, when they had come measurably near to severing the British and French armies. Upon the troops holding the line here rested the chief responsibility for the safety of Amiens and the vital railways and other lines of communication,- now necessarily crowded close to the coast, by which the British supplied all of their line north of the Somme from Le Havre and other ports of the Channel coast.

Could the Americans be relied upon to hold this vital point as well as the French, who had here stopped the German advance a few weeks before? The Germans sneered at the idea, vowing that the untrained and self-indulgent Americans could never be made into first-class soldiers. The French and the British believed that they could, and, if the event should prove that they could, moreover, when the opportunity came, make head offensively into the German lines opposite to them, it would be to the wearied armies and peoples of the Allied nations like the first flush of daylight after the stormy night. Millions more of American troops, potentially as good as those of the 1st Division, were coming, and if the 1st Division could stand the supreme test, no doubt would remain that eventually the war could be won.

Tit for Tat

After a period of righteous training behind the lines, the 1st Division had first occupied a quiet sector in the region of Toul about the middle of January, where, through three months of almost constant service, they had learned the complicated lessons of defensive warfare, which had been brought to such a high state of perfection during three and a half years of war. It was from this sector that they were transferred to Cantigny, where, from their arrival on April 25, they experienced an intensity of defensive warfare vastly greater than that which had prevailed in their former positions.

The Germans, constantly threatening to resume their push toward Amiens and the coast, harassed the American lines night and day with artillery fire of all calibers, while trench raiding was frequent and formidable. The American raiding, however, was quite as spirited as the German, and patrols had soon secured information showing that the enemy's lines opposite the 1st Division were held by the 271st and 272nd regiments of German infantry, whose companies had an average strength of

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO STARS AND STRIPES SUBSCRIBERS

Effective this date, no more subscriptions for any period to THE STARS AND STRIPES will be accepted. From now on THE STARS AND STRIPES will be on a cash sale basis only.

All members of the American E.F. holding subscription tickets to THE STARS AND STRIPES will continue to have their subscriptions filled by the usual method as long as they remain in France, or until such tickets have expired. All subscriptions that members of the American E.F. have entered for relatives and friends in the States will continue to be filled as heretofore.

Members of the American E.F., on receiving notice of return to the United States, have three options as regards THE STARS AND STRIPES subscription tickets in their possession at such time.

1. The unexpired portion of any ticket will be redeemed for its cash equivalent (25 centimes for each attached coupon) on presentation to the Treasurer of THE STARS AND STRIPES. Requests for refunds may be forwarded through THE STARS AND STRIPES' field representatives.

2. The holder of a subscription ticket may have THE STARS AND STRIPES forwarded to him in the States for the unexpired portion of such ticket by writing his American address on the ticket and turning in ticket to the duly accredited field representative of THE STARS AND STRIPES with his unit's A.P.O., or by sending same direct to THE STARS AND STRIPES. There is no guarantee, however, that THE STARS AND STRIPES will continue publication for any given period from date.

3. The holder of a subscription ticket, or any portion thereof, may designate that the amount of money represented by the unexpired portion of the ticket is to go into a fund for the care of A.E.F. French War Orphans, adopted through THE STARS AND STRIPES, after the American E.F. has left France. To exercise this option, the holder of a ticket should turn same in to a duly accredited field representative of THE STARS AND STRIPES, or direct to the office of THE STARS AND STRIPES, with the words, "For War Orphans' Fund," and his signature written plainly across face of the ticket.

THE STARS AND STRIPES,
1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

Nov. 29, 1918.

YANK BATTLESHIPS IN AT SURRENDER OF KAISER'S NAVY

Enemy Ships Lower Their Colors at Sunset of "Der Tag"

SILENCE AT DREAM'S END

Crack American Squadron Leads Conquering Fleet Back After Ceremony Is Over

[By Signal Corps Telegraph.]

LONDON, Nov. 28.—Five American battleships, constituting the Sixth Battle Squadron, took part in the surrender of the German Navy in the North Sea on November 21.

These five—the New York, the Texas, the Wyoming, the Arkansas and the line of two great groups that formed the highway of victory through which the German fleet passed to lower its colors at sunset of "Der Tag."

The American ships went out directly behind the British Fifth Squadron, Admiral Beatty's own, all of whose ships were of the Queen Elizabeth class. These two squadrons have been particularly chummy. All through the war they have stuck together, for months ready and waiting for the Germans to come out.

They were together when the Germans came out. In two lines they steamed out toward the point, 50 miles east of May Island, set for the rendezvous with the enemy on the morning of the 21st.

Silence at Dream's End

It was 8:30 when a message reached the bridge of the New York by kite balloon. It announced the sighting of the British destroyer Cardiff, which had gone out ahead to pick up the German vessels, and had done so. The German ships were sighted at 9:20.

First came the long black forms of the great battle cruisers, the Seidlitz leading, and directly behind her the Moltke and the Hindenburg. Down the two lines they coursed in silence. There was no cheering. Every man on the Allied ships was at his post, and every gun was manned.

When the German fleet had passed through, the ships turned about in position, so that the American squadron had the honor of leading the crack British squadron back.

The day that saw the Allied fleets bring in the corpse of the greatest dream in history closed with the passage of the Queen Elizabeth herself, with Admiral Beatty on board, down the two conquering lines. As the British chief passed the American vessels, wild cheering broke out. The Queen Elizabeth's band reciprocated by playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," while the band of the New York, Admiral Rodman's flagship, played "Hail to the Chief."

FATHERS' LETTERS SPEEDING TO PORT

Postal Employes Laboring With Biggest Mail in A.E.F. History

From all over France hundreds of thousands of envelopes marked "Father's Xmas Letter" in the upper right hand corner have poured in to the A.P.O.'s all week and been headed toward the Dad's Letter Ship that is waiting to ferry them to the States.

Up to the hour of going to press, THE STARS AND STRIPES could form no accurate estimate of the number of letters to the old man penned on last Sunday, but it was able to get the rough idea from the Base Censor's headquarters and the Army postal people that an awful lot of hefty writing was done.

The postal employes at the headquarters of the M.P.E.S., sweating and grunting under the heaviest aggregation of mail sacks they have had to handle since Mother's Day, stopped just long enough to wheeze:

"You bet, they're writing home—and don't we know it!"

The only hitch known occurred at a certain A.P.O. where the censoring officers temporarily held up the Christmas Victory mail pending the receipt of the official notice regarding the changes in the censorship rules.

BREST MAINTAINS LEAD POSITION IN STEVEDORE RACE

Up from Bottom, Brittany Port Takes Banner Two Weeks Running

MARSEILLES, THEN HAVRE

St. Nazaire Moves 12,377 Tons in One Day and Hangs Up New A.E.F. Record

Brest it is again this week, the old Brittany port having come up from the cellar position in the first week of the Stevedores' Race to Berlin to first place in both the second and third weeks.

If one were inclined to be facetious about it, one might say that Brest had not only brested its rivals, but out-distanced them. But no one is inclined to be facetious about so serious a thing as the Race to Berlin. Besides, it is not over yet.

The old port of Marseilles, adjacent to the Mediterrancan sea, was second in this week's showing up, and remains second among the nine base ports that are now striving for premier honors in the freight unloading line.

Rue Can-o-beer Neglected

Marseilles is not content to remain there, either. Its bitterest complaint is that the Mediterranean is not as large as the Atlantic, and that therefore not as many freight-bearing ships can get into it to be unloaded. The fury of the drive has so gotten into the gang down there that they are foregoing their nightly strolls on the Rue Can-o-beer and going to bed early, the better to store up pep for the next day's work.

Bordeaux stands third in the race so far, but seventh as far as the figures for the week just past are concerned. That is due largely to the fact that a lot of changes have had to be made there, owing to the port's being designated for a great deal of embarkation work. The Stevedores had, therefore, to take off two precious days to move into new quarters, with the result that the tonnage unloaded suffered considerably. However, the Gascon-Yanks swear that they will make it up, and can afford to give any other port in France a two-day handicap and still come out on the top of the heap.

The way the ports stand thus far in the race is this:

Brest, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Havre, La Pallice, Rochefort, St. Nazaire, Rouen and Nantes.

How They Line Up

And here are the official figures, first for the third week's general average, and, second, for the three week's average, or the accumulative distance to "Berlin."

Port—	3rd Wk.	For 3 Wks.
Brest	135.613	397.147
Marseilles	131.949	390.357
Havre	124.434	352.204
La Pallice	121.689	339.326
Rochefort	116.815	331.201
St. Nazaire	105.932	322.521
Bordeaux	102.783	353.254
Rouen	101.712	297.345
Nantes	85.066	278.843

For all nine ports, the general average for the third week of the contest is 104.873, and for the three weeks, 327.686.

While St. Nazaire stands only sixth this week, as it did last, it is entitled to glory for having, a week ago, broken the A.E.F.'s day record for freight unloading, handling 12,377 tons. The former record was 11,438. The enthusiasm at St. Nazaire is so high that a casual visitor there would think that he had struck an American town on election night.

No Chow for a Day

Five thousand negro Stevedores turned out for a big songfest and rally on behalf of the contest at Camp No. 4, St. Nazaire, and heard speeches by Col. Sewell, the base commander; Col. C. E. Goodwyn, and Lieut. Eddie Hart, the contest officer. Col. Sewell is working like a presidential candidate, spending his nights flying from camp to camp making addresses and quite tiring out his aide, Lieut. George B. Cortelyou, Jr., who knows now how his distinguished father must have felt when he tried to keep pace with Col. Roosevelt.

The Stevedores at St. Nazaire have pledged themselves to eat no meals for one whole day if they do not win the race. "Judging by their appetites," one of their officers remarked, "they just must win."

This is typical of the way the colored

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BASE PORTS MAKE READY FOR YANKS HEADED WESTWARD

S. O. S. Dolling Up Brest, St. Nazaire, Bordeaux for Exodus

NEW OUTFITS TO EVERYONE

Class B, C and D Men to Depart in Casual Companies Bound for Home Districts

Preparations for the reception of members of the A.E.F. returning homeward are being pushed by the various departments of the Service of Supply at the three base ports of Brest, St. Nazaire and Bordeaux, and in a few weeks everything will be organized to care for troops as fast as they are ordered home.

Commanding officers of the different services involved have visited these ports during the past week and gone over the plans for the returning soldiers of the A.E.F. in detail. Great stocks of clothing and equipment are being massed there, so that every last doughboy will be completely outfitted and equipped when he starts off on the voyage for the old home town. The forgotten individual clothing and equipment slips will be resurrected there and one complete outfit charged to each soldier. The old stuff about "lost in action" won't go if he is shy anything when he gets back to the States. The price of the missing articles will be deducted on his final statement.

Those Rest Camps Again

Existing rest camps at these base ports are being renovated and refurnished to receive the homegoing business this winter and spring, and other camps in the process of construction are being rapidly pushed forward to construction. Every effort will be made to avoid overcrowding and discomfort. One camp that was originally designed to hold about 80,000 men will be used by 55,000 men instead.

At present the embarkation ports are caring for wounded officers and men who can be safely transported as well as those of B, C and D classes. All C class officers and soldiers now on duty in the S.O.S. and B class officers and soldiers who will require at least two months for restoration to class A will be returned to the United States as rapidly as they can be relieved without serious detriment or handicap to the service, and be replaced, where needed, by men of class A.

Casual companies are being organized at the First Depot Division at St. Aigman, at the base depot at Blois and at the rest camps at the base ports, consisting of two officers and 150 men, with necessary medical attendants and supplies. Embarkation instructions direct that every casual company be deloused at the point of organization and each soldier provided with a neat and well fitting uniform and serviceable equipment.

No Rifles for Casuals

Rifles, bayonets and pistols will not be carried, but every soldier will carry the rest of his ordnance property, three blankets, shelter tent half, change of underclothing and a complete toilet kit among other things. Casuals will be assigned as far as practicable to companies according to the geographical area or district from which they were recruited according to the following grouping of States:

District No. 1—New England, New York.

District No. 2—Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina.

District No. 3—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Kentucky.

District No. 4—Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida

District No. 5—Minnesota, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri.

District No. 6—Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas.

District No. 7—North Dakota, South

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THANKSGIVING, 1918

November's misty sunshine on the streets of Paris lay;
The colors of all the Allies from window and wall were gay;
There was laughter and joy in plenty, as, under the autumn sky,
I saw, through the Arch of Triumph, the Stars and Stripes go by.

By a band of martial music the fluttering flag was led,
And a column of drab-clad soldiers with rapid, rhythmic tread;
And the passing throng of Paris stood rigid, with eyes aflame,
As under the Arch of Triumph my country's banner came.

And the hush that was on the people found echo in my breast;
It beat with a deep thanksgiving that our flag from the golden west
In the fight for human freedom had borne so brave a share,
And wherever the wind unfurls it the heads of men are bare;

That the lads of our drab-clad armies at Trugny and Montfaucon,
On the flaming slopes of Mezy, in the hell of the deep Argonne,
Had fought with as fine a courage for the lands where the Hun had trod
As the men of the elder decades who fought for their native sod.

For now, through the misty sunshine that veiled the queenly town,
The bronze men over the archway on the passing flag looked down—
The men of Lodi and Jena, and it seemed that their haughty glance
Said: "Flag of the Great Republic, thou, too, art at home in France;

"Thou hast won the right in glory on the fields where thy arms have gleamed
To stand with our own Tricolor henceforth in the hearts of a race redeemed."
Then the martial music quickened and, a flame on the misty sky,
From the shade of the Arch of Triumph the Stars and Stripes went by.

Joseph Mills Hanson, Capt., F.A.

76th, 27th, 30th FIRST DIVISIONS TO GO BACK HOME

National Army Unit at St. Nazaire All Ready to Shove Off

NONE SAW AMERICAN FRONT

But Two Old National Guard Organizations Made Great Fighting Record With British

The first division of combat troops to return to the United States will be the 76th, the National Army division from New Jersey, Maryland and the District of Columbia. The 27th, the New York National Guard division, and the 30th, the National Guard division from Tennessee and North and South Carolina, it is presumed, will follow. The 76th is now at St. Nazaire awaiting embarkation orders.

The 76th, since its arrival in France, has been a replacement division and, in the words of one of its members, "not much of the old gang is left." The great majority of its original members went to other divisions and have seen service on the line. At last accounts the strength of the 76th was 61 officers and 1,072 men. The other replacement divisions will all receive orders for home within the next few weeks in all probability.

Glorious Fighting Record

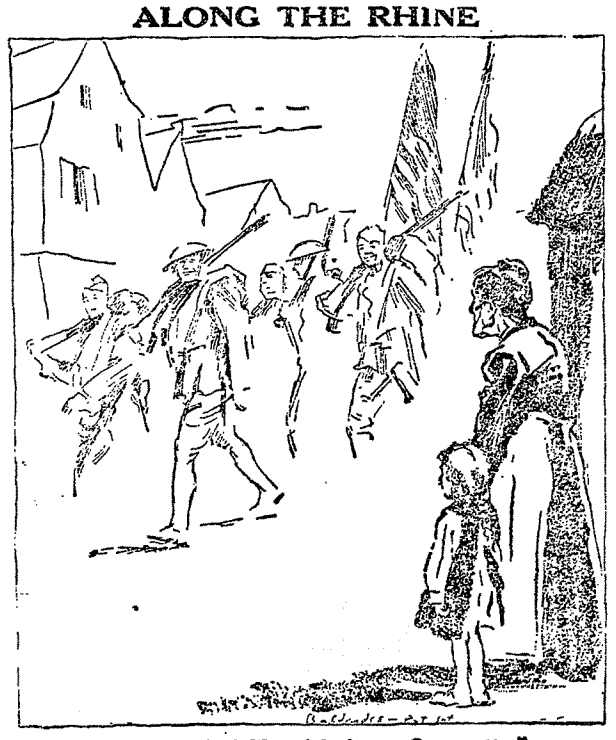
The 27th and 30th divisions, fighting divisions, are going home without ever having seen the American front and without the distinction of having taken part in America's great battle, the fight in the Argonne. But they are going back with a glorious individual record of their own.

It was these divisions which, during the hard fighting of July, August and September carried the Stars and Stripes beside the British banner on the British front, bringing forth the hearty commendation of the British high command and the admiration of the men, including the Australians, with whom they fought.

It was they who, after fighting their way up to their jumping-off place in the face of almost frantic resistance by the Germans, broke the Hindenburg line near Bellicourt, and afterward, undaunted and unexhausted by this heavy fighting, carried the battle many miles further toward Germany.

One of the biggest problems in sending American troops home is the inadequacy of rail transport to the seaboard. With winter coming, the French government needs the utmost capacity of its railroads to distribute food and other supplies through the country.

ALONG THE RHINE



"They don't look like wicked men, Grossmutter"

LUXEMBURG TURNS INTO FAIRYLAND FOR YANK TROOPS

Jubilation, 'Welcome' Signs, Dance, Real Beds—All for Americans

FLAGS UP AS BOCHE GOES

Girl Duchess, Standing Beside the C.-in-C., Smiles as Helmeted Doughboys Pass

With General Pershing at their head, American troops entered the city of Luxemburg on Thursday of last week, and straightaway fell in love with it.

They were captured. They were disarmed. They surrendered immediately to the capital of this tiny duchy, set like a jewel in the center of Europe—surrendered unconditionally to its laughing, warm-hearted, uproariously hospitable people who are apt to burst at any moment into French, English or German, but who use all three to say: "We're darned glad to see you."

To the tired doughboys, weary from many weeks in the mud and desolation of Argonne, Luxemburg seemed like the promised land, and the city itself gave them such a tumultuous, jubilant welcome as they have not known since they set sail from home. Even the memories of that wonderful Fourth of July in Paris last year faded away beside the greeting that warmed the American hearts at the gates of Luxemburg.

The helmeted and heavy-packed doughboys—they were a battalion from the battle-scarred 18th Infantry—marched between houses gorgeous with all the colors of France and Luxemburg and America, marched under banners with such legends as "Welcome to Our Deliverers" and "Welcome to Our Saviers." From every window and from every sidewalk the people cheered, while the children ran alongside shouting "'Eep 'Eep 'Ooray." And from up there on the balcony of the palace, where she stood beside General Pershing, the girl who is the ruler of Luxemburg smiled down on the Yankees.

A Country of Romance

For the beautiful Marie Adelaide, Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, is only a girl. She was no more than 19 when the German army swept across her frontiers on that momentous July 31, 1914, and so began the invasion which ended last Wednesday.

No one who has read "The Prisoner of Zenda" can look upon her whom the Luxemburgeois call their princess without thinking of Flavia. The sight of her driving through the streets of her ancient city recalls always the old Gibson illustrations for that romance. Indeed, Luxemburg is a country of romance. Though the Taride maps would seem to indicate that its debatable acres are jostled by Germany, Belgium and France, you know better. You know the little duchy is bounded by the Black Forest, Zenda and Graustark.

It is so preposterously small for a sovereignty. It is no bigger than Rhode Island. Its navy is not, and its army, when recruited to full strength, is no larger than an American company. Service therein ensures the soldier a striking uniform and a not particularly hazardous existence. It is all infantry, that army. There is no artillery. There is a favorite joke in Luxemburg that the army did get some guns once, but that they found they could not indulge in practice fire without shooting up the neighboring countries. There are not so many people in the whole realm as there are in Syracuse, New York. The capital has 25,000 inhabitants and about the same number of political parties.

"Onkel Toms Hutte"

It was on Wednesday that the first Americans—official forerunners of the Army—arrived in the city, and from the windows of their hotel watched with no little interest while the last Germans vanished up the street, some with the red brassard of the revolution on their arms, their band defiantly flourishing the "Marseillaise." Even then the Stars and Stripes were flying from a hundred house fronts.

Then the people got ready to welcome the American host. A picture of McKinley emerged from some obscure resting place and was properly hung. Picture post cards of Le Président Wilson blossomed miraculously in every shop window, the orchestra at the Casino practiced up on some ragtime and some old Sousa marches, popular American fiction like "Onkel Toms Hütte" von Beecher-Stowe and the "Lederstrumpf-Erzählung" and "Der Letzte Mohikaner" von Fennimore-Cooper came to the fore in the book stalls. The clocks in the city were moved forward from

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RHINEWARD BOUND, 3rd ARMY PAUSES AT GERMAN BORDER

Eats Thanksgiving Willy Stone's Throw from Vaterland

WEARY BUT STILL EAGER

Receding Boche, Flying Red, White and Blue Flags, in Evidence as Yanks Advance

The troops of the Third American Army ate their Thanksgiving corned willy on the Luxemburg frontier, with the German soil they are destined to occupy only a stone's throw away from them—observed the National Day of Gratitude with the hills and highways of Rhenish Prussia stretching away at their sore but impatient feet. A hundred kilometers distant lay the River Rhine.

It was just six months to the day from that May morning when the A.E.F. made its first attack in force—the Battle of Cantigny. It was just 18 months to the day from that May morning when the A.E.F., in the person of its Commander-in-Chief, set sail from the harbor of New York.

It was on the frontier that the Army of Occupation halted last week for breath. The frontier, as it runs from Echternach down to Remich, follows the twists and turns first of the River Sure and later of the Moselle and is marked for the entire distance by a superb riverside drive along which now day and night the Yankee sentries pace to and fro, to and fro.

At the Frontier

The last troops filed into the frontier villages as the sun was setting Saturday afternoon. The battalions, as they moved slowly along the river boulevard, could see the fag ends of the German army on the other bank. For the most part, the two armies just stared at each other in mild amusement, but here and there a brief and entirely unauthorized parley was held. The burden of all these colloquies (shouted from bank to bank, perhaps, by two shirt-washing groups) might be reproduced something like this:

The Americans: Hello, Germans, what in hell are you hanging around here for?

The Germans: Well, wass für ein cross-country-race is this any-way? You go too fast for us.

And indeed they were usually straggling wagon trains the Americans found just across the river when they reached it. As the weather-beaten old first battalion of the 16th Infantry was plodding up from Grevenmacher, German troops were advancing exactly abreast of them on the other bank. It was a German wagon train all gay with flags. The flags were either red or red and white and blue. They might have been Luxemburgeois. They might have been French. They certainly were not German.

Tumultuous Welcome

The troops arrived at the frontier weary and dusty after many days of marching through the most beautiful countryside they have seen since they reached Europe, a country of romantic houses, magnificent roads and enchanted forests, the kind of forests Maxfield Parrish dreams of, and waking, turns his dreams into magazine covers. They arrived tired but exhilarated by the really tumultuous welcome that greeted them every step of the way from the Meuse to the Moselle. Hailed everywhere as "deliverers" and "liberators," they marched across France, Belgium and Luxemburg along living lanes of cheering people, with flags and fêtes and bands, music and pelting blossoms to meet them at every village.

The further they got, the rarer and rarer became the native who could speak French till, when they reached the edge

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NEW COMMISSIONS FOR A.E.F. HELD UP

No More Promotions of Officers, War Department Cables

A cable has been received at G.H.Q., A.E.F., from the War Department at Washington announcing that beginning with November 11, the day of the signing of the armistice, no more new commissions would be given in the Army and that no more promotions of officers would be made.

This order is until further notice.

New commissions originating in France have for sometime been granted in Washington upon recommendations of the A.E.F. authorities sent over by courier. It has taken about three weeks' time on the average for a courier cable to be transmitted from Chaumont to Washington and action taken on it. Requests from the A.E.F. for new commissions which were not received in Washington by courier cable before November 11 will, therefore, not be granted.

The purpose of the order and the length of time that it will be in force are not known as yet at G.H.Q. A number of officers have expressed the opinion that the order will probably prove to be a temporary one and that it was probably issued in order to permit the War Department to complete and classify its records of commissioned personnel and arrive at conclusions as to the nature and number of promotions and new commissions that should be granted in view of the armistice.

THEY'RE COMING

Thirty thousand sacks of Christmas packages, 9 x 4 x 3, but representing a great deal more than that, left America on last Sunday for France, just as an earnest of what is to come.

MISS WILSON SINGS TO VICTORIOUS ARMY

President's Daughter Bears Tidings of Armistice to Marching Yanks

EATS OUT OF O.D. MESS KIT

Georgia Captains Blush When Cousin Kisses Them Right in Front of Grinning Column

Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the President, has completed her first tour as an entertainer on the Y.M.C.A. circuit.

From G.H.Q. up through the Argonne and along the Meuse she went over ground which, not many days ago, Americans were wresting from the Germans, her enthusiastic reception everywhere intensified over part of the route because she carried tosome places the authoritative news of the signing of the armistice.

She appeared before scores of audiences and sang dozens of favorite songs dozens of times, each, and when she returned to Paris to prepare for other tours which will take her to other parts of France and Italy, she carried the verdict of the American doughboy that she is a regular American girl and a mighty good singer besides.

Miss Wilson's first appearance was at the dedication of the 1500th Y.M.C.A. hut in France, which was opened at an aviation field near Chaumont. She sang before more than 1,000 soldiers—all that could crowd into the hall.

Spreading the Good News

The next day, November 11, she left for the front a few minutes after the signing of the armistice had been announced. And all that day, as her automobile passed battalion after battalion of American troops marching or in rest by the roadside, she stopped her automobile to tell them the glad news. Invariably she was recognized as the daughter of the President, and her car was surrounded by a mass of lustily cheering doughboys, dividing their interest in her with their enthusiasm over her father and the news she brought.

Twice that day companies of doughboys, trudging rearward after their spell in the trenches, were amazed to see a young woman dash from a limousine, throw her arms around their commanding officer and kiss him. Twice blushing captains had to explain to their companies that the young lady who did this, the first woman any of them had seen for 60 days, was Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson and, incidentally, their cousin. They were Captains Henry and Edward Brown of Atlanta, Ga., both of the 82nd Division.

That night she returned to Toul, blazing with lights for the first time in four years, and the next night she sang in the Hotel de Ville in Nancy before a crowd of 2,500 French civilians and soldiers, while thousands more crowded around the outside of the hall waiting to get a glimpse of her as she went into the hall and came out carrying on both occasions the flag of Alsace-Lorraine.

Over Argonne Fields

From Nancy, Miss Wilson went over the battlefields of the Argonne and the Meuse, appearing in huts and halls and everywhere else that an audience could possibly be got together.

One evening, coming upon a Field Artillery regiment—the 10th—bivouacked near the bank of the Meuse at supper time, she descended and, borrowing a mess kit proffered by a soldier, got in line and waited her turn at the rolling kitchen. She drew the usual—slum, hard tack, pudding and coffee. She ate it sitting on a tarpaulin, and after dinner, at the invitation of the Artillerymen, she sang for them. The sun was just going down over the shoulder of the hills to the west of the river. The moon—as the French moon does—had risen before its time and, for the first time since the war started, soldiers' camp fires were burning.

Miss Wilson, to the accompaniment of a small portable organ carried on her automobile, sang from the tail end of a truck to the entire regiment, gathered in a semi-circle before her.

With Music Teacher

Miss Wilson has a beautiful soprano voice. When not singing alone, she appeared with Ross David, her music teacher for many years, who, with Mrs. David, the accompanist, came to France with her. Among the songs she sang were several Scotch and Irish melodies and, of course, American ballads, "When the Boys Come Home," revived from Civil War days, but appropriate as ever, was one of the latter. Also, she sang repeatedly, invariably accompanied by her entire audience, "There's a Long, Long, Trail A-Winding," "My Old Kentucky Home" and other songs.

Several times Miss Wilson also made short speeches. She told how the United States had organized for the war to back us up over here.

"You boys haven't any idea how crazy we are about you," she said. "It is impossible to conceive of the welcome awaiting you."

AFTER JUNE 30 U. S. WILL BE DESERT-DRY

"Until Termination of Mobilization," Is Way Act Reads

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Nov. 28.—The political weather continues dry. The President has signed the bill for national prohibition after June 30, 1919, and until the termination of mobilization.

The New York State drys promise a big fight to turn the Empire State into a desert. The world-wide prohibition conference in Columbus proposed to ask all nations to put Old King Rum on the same chute with the other monarchs.

The United States Senate committee which has been investigating the brewers' corruption fund has brought out some deeply painful facts concerning certain newspapers and writers who had something slipped to them to encourage them in passionately pleading the cause of light wines and beer.

JOY RIDERS REPULSED

AMERICA, Nov. 28.—Fully 100,000 persons have tried to get passage abroad since the armistice from the New York steamship offices, but there will be nothing doing in the way of cluttering up your battlefields for some time to come.

BASE PORTS MAKE READY FOR YANKS HEADED WESTWARD

Continued from Page 1

Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, Oregon.

District No. 8—California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico.

Marines Going, Too

Each casual company will be designated as going to the depot or camp where organized and also according to grouping by district, as "Blois Casual Company No. 301 (District No. 1)." Officers and soldiers returning to the United States as casuals will be sent to depots or rest camps and thence to ports of embarkation as follows:

Advance and Intermediate Sections to 1st Depot Division at St. Aignan-Noyers, thence to St. Nazaire; Paris District to Blois, thence to Brest; Base Sections Nos. 4 and 5 to Brest; Base Section No. 1 to St. Nazaire for organization, equipment and shipment; Base sections Nos. 2, 6 and 7 to Bordeaux. Special arrangements will be made to care for Base Section No. 8. Men in Base Section No. 3 will be sent home through English ports.

Marines in B and C classes will be organized into provisional companies composed entirely of officers and soldiers of the Marine Corps, and no attempt will be made to segregate them according to the district where they were recruited.

Pay for Every Soldier

While the return home will be a happy one, it will still be the same old Army game abroad the transports, as the opening paragraph of embarkation instructions No. 2 issued by Major-Gen. Harbord, Commanding General of the S.O.S. will convey:

"In the case of units and casuals that do not appear to be properly disciplined, all available time preceding embarkation will be devoted to intensive disciplinary training. It must be borne in mind that the reputation of the A.E.F. will to a large extent depend upon the physical and mental condition in which the troops reach home."

The commanding general at each jumping off place for the A.E.F. has been directed to see that every enlisted man is paid before he embarks. Organizations will receive the pay due them on the rolls. Casuals will be paid on detachment rolls or partially paid on their paybooks, service records or supplementary service records. Arrangements have been made to change French and English money into American money or checks.

Officers of the Regular Army will be retained in France in preference to others to the fullest extent to which their services can be utilized. Until the facilities at the base ports have been organized to handle large movements of troops, the following policy will be in force:

Each ship will be filled as completely as possible with the sick, wounded and convalescent, as much troop space as possible being utilized with men requiring no special treatment for whom those accommodations are suitable. The remainder of the troop space will be utilized by such casual and other units as may be gotten to the ports and made ready for embarkation, reserving sufficient officer accommodations for the necessary number of officers to accompany those units.

Staterooms for Wounded

As the Medical Department has at all base ports more than enough sick and wounded to occupy all stateroom accommodations, the minimum number of casual officers should be returned to the United States, at least with the first shipments. Certain cargo ships having limited passenger accommodations will be utilized for the return of casual officers, civilian personnel and small organizations, for which the accommodations are suitable. A reservoir of casual officers will be maintained at ports for duty with casual organizations.

Commanding officers of organizations returning home will be held responsible that records of both officers and soldiers under his command are complete. In the case of officers, the records will consist of the qualification record card, securely wrapped and sealed, and if a captain or lower grade, the officer's record book. Each soldier will be accompanied by his qualification card, service record, pay card, pay record book and individual equipment record.

Commissioned and enlisted personnel of the Air Service and of the staff departments and technical services directly under the Service of Supply may be returned to the United States if in the opinion of the chief of the service concerned such personnel can be spared from their present duties in the A.E.F. The order making such action possible does not include commissioned and enlisted personnel temporarily assigned to the S.O.S. for labor, guard or other duty.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG IS PROUD OF YANKS

Thanks Second Corps for Helping to Break Old Hindy's Line

With warm congratulations for the fighting qualities they displayed while helping the British in the final drive for victory, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France, sent the following order to the American Second Corps at the time of its departure from the British front:

Now that the American Second Corps is leaving the British Zone, I wish once more to thank you all, officers, non-commissioned officers and men under your command, on behalf both of myself and all ranks of the British Armies in France and Flanders, for the very gallant and efficient service you have rendered during the period of your operations with the Fourth British Army.

On the 29th of September you took part with distinction in the great and critical attack which shattered the enemy's resistance in the Hindenburg line and opened the road to final victory. The deeds of the 27th and 30th American Divisions, who on that day took Bellicourt and Nauroy and so gallantly sustained the desperate struggle for Bony, will rank with the highest achievements of this war. They will always be remembered by the British regiments that fought beside you.

Since that date, through three weeks of almost continuous fighting, you advanced from one success to another, overcoming all resistance, beating off numerous counter attacks and capturing several thousand prisoners and many guns. The names of Brancourt, Premont, Busigny, Vaux Andigny, St. Souplet and Mazinghein testify to the dash and energy of your attack.

I rejoice at the success which has attended your efforts and I am proud to have had you under my command.

(Signed) D. HAIG, Field Marshal.

RHINEWARD BOUND, 3RD ARMY PAUSES AT GERMAN BORDER

Continued from Page 1

of Deutschland, German was all they heard around them. Yet, a little unexpectedly, the boundless enthusiasm for them seemed to grow rather than to diminish as they neared the Moselle and never did villagers greet an approaching army with more heartfelt delight than those of Wasserbillig, Rosport and Born, for instance, who had to jabber their welcome in a patois so nearly pure German that it would take a Herr Professor with unusually long whiskers to distinguish it from the original article.

The Time of Its Life

It was here that the 32nd Division had the time of its life. With its brigades from Wisconsin and Michigan, with its innumerable German-Americans from Oshkosh and Fort Atkinson and Big Rapids and Grand Rapids, to say nothing of Milwaukee, the 32nd just lorded it around with the natives.

The local band had to play in every village, bursting forth into some such snappy piece as the "Athalla Marseh." In every village a Yankee band had to respond. It was good to hear "On the Banks of the Wabash" on the banks of the Moselle. It was better still to hear "The Star Spangled Banner" echoing from the hills of Germany. To some, its music had never sounded quite so good and true before.

The first two or three days were given over to cleaning up. A good many undershirts were washed in the Sure and the Moselle this week. A good many more will have to be boiled a few times to cure them of what ails them. Packs and rifles had to be cleaned, and it soon became a high crime and misdemeanor, punishable as the court-martial may direct, to appear with an overcoat minus a button. For the Third American Army is now all dressed up in its Sunday-go-to-Germany clothes.

Rest!

Then all the divisions settled down to the grind of what the high command facetiously calls a rest period. For the staffs there was all the accumulated paper work, neglected during two months in which the field troops were, you may remember, a trifle preoccupied. These staffs who, only three uneventful weeks before had been eating, sleeping and working in caves, or, at best, in old, bleak, half-demolished houses, now found themselves luxuriating in beautiful homes, with rich conservatories, fine tapestries and open fires where the red coals glowed.

One division even put up for a time in the summer palace as guests of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. Majors could be seen trying earnestly to remember that it is not good form to sit with one's spurred feet on a mahogany table, and colonels could be seen trying vainly not to appear self-conscious over having just had a bath.

And on these staffs in their new elegance there descended from the generals tart inquiries asking in ominous tones why such and such a consolidated report had not been handed in at 2:30 on the afternoon before. But if they had to work all night, the troops had to work all day, drilling, drilling, drilling, executing squads left and other equally intricate maneuvers in full view of the Germans across the stream.

Capturing an Army

Only the guards were exempt. Their sentry-go was seldom exciting, though one terribly serious doughboy did manage to enliven his turn by capturing a considerable portion of the Luxembourg army. It was just one soldier, but he was so magnificent with all his trappings and decorations that those who saw him marching in at the point of a bayonet with hands uplifted thought, at first glance, that the sentry was bringing in a Christmas tree.

Sunday heard thousands of pens scratching away along the frontier on the arduous sentences of many a "Dad's Christmas Letter." The Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. were on the job all along the river with writing paper, and with the censorship lid off, the letters must have read a good deal like affectionate gazeteers, so frequently the writers thereof pestered the Intelligence officers for the loan of their maps.

Sunday was bitter cold. The frost lay thick on the ground like new-fallen snow, and the trees were so white with it that they sparkled in the morning sunlight. It has grown colder and colder with the passing days, but it has been such a November as France has seldom known—clear as crystal and dry.

It was different last year. Do you remember November 7, 1917? It snowed that day in Gondrecourt.

LUXEMBURG TURNS INTO FAIRYLAND FOR YANK TROOPS

Continued from Page 1

German to French time, the barkeeps got out some faded recipes for Martini cocktails, and the price marks in the stores were changed from 4 marks to 12 francs. Luxemburg was ready for the Americans.

"We Come as Friends"

Their approach was heralded by this proclamation from General Pershing:

After four years in which its territory has been violated, the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg has just been happily freed. Your liberation from the German occupation was exacted from the invaders by the American and Allied Armies as one of the conditions of the present armistice. It becomes necessary now for the American troops to pass through the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg and to establish and maintain there for a while their lines of supply.

The American troops have come into the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg as friends and will bear themselves strictly according to international law. Their presence, which will not be prolonged further than is absolutely necessary, will be no burden for you. The functioning of your government and of your institutions will be in no way interfered with. Your life and your occupations will not be disturbed. Your persons and your property will be respected. It will be necessary for the American Army to use certain installations, railways, telegraphs and telephones and perhaps also other public works for its needs in shelter and transport; furthermore, that which it is necessary to use will be paid for according to a just valuation.

It is assumed that you will commit no act of aggression against the American Army and will give no information, aid or assistance to its enemies. You will always act in accordance with the instructions which the American command will give for the safety of its troops and for your own protection.

A Sound of Revelry

The proclamation preceded the troops. So did the billeting officers, but they later found out that all their industry had been in vain, for every American soldier—whether colonel or corporal—was swamped with offers of a dozen rooms. Highly gratified doughboys were led to sumptuous suites and besought, as a special favor to the owners, to make themselves at home there indefinitely.

Later, there was a sound of revelry by night. Even the Casino opened wide—the luxurious Luxemburg club into which no German could worm or bully his way throughout the war. There were toasts there and speeches and music and at one time there was dancing. A general and a private were the first dancers on the floor, and according to the gossip next day in the army, the democratic army, the prettier girl was not dancing with the general.

The overwhelming cordiality of Luxemburg to the Americans arose partly from the fact that the little duchy was sick and tired of the Boches, partly from a special fondness for America, where quite a number of Luxemburgeois dwell today. They say, indeed, that there are more of them in Chicago than in the city of Luxemburg itself, and some who left their native land six years ago returned to it last week in olive drab.

They Call It Zanzibar

The special appeal of the city to the Americans arose not merely from its easy latchstrings, but from the fact that it seemed more reminiscent of home than any city from St. Nazaire to the German frontier. Its spotless streets, its broad sidewalks, its separate houses, its gardens, its geraniums, its verandas—there are a hundred twists and turns that recall Seattle or Evanston or Utica. They play craps in Luxemburg, only they have a silly way of calling it Zanzibar. Why, they even have front stoops in Luxemburg. And on its streets Americans heard more English spoken than in any other city with the possible exception, come to think of it, of London. The very children gargle it at the passing Yank. They always have a cheery "Good morning" for him even if the dusk is falling fast.

But he hears German all about him, too, and there is nothing he enjoys quite so much as stocking up with German Christmas cards to wish the home folks "Fröhliche Weihnachten" or "Ein Glückliches Neujahr."

SECRETARY BAKER PATS A. E. F. ON BACK

And Adds He Will Do Everything He Can to Get Us Home Early

Secretary of War Newton D. Baker has sent the following congratulatory telegram to General Pershing as Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F., who in turn has published it in G.O. 206, for the A.E.F.'s information:

The signing of the armistice and the cessation of hostilities brings to an end a great and heroic military adventure in which the Army under your command has played a part distinguished by gallantry and success.

It gives me great pleasure to express to you the confidence and appreciation of the War Department and to those who have labored with you to make this result possible this appreciation of their zeal, courage and strength, both of purpose and achievement.

The entire country is filled with pride in your fine leadership and in the soldierly qualities shown by your Army.

Now that a respite has come in the solemn task to which the Army devoted itself, the War Department will do all in its power to expedite the early return of the Expeditionary Forces to the United States, in order that these soldiers may be restored to the opportunities of civil life as speedily as the military situation will permit.

I extend to you as Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces my hearty congratulations and this expression of high esteem, and I beg you to make known to the officers and men of your command the fact that their conduct as soldiers and as men has stirred the pride of their fellow countrymen, and that their military success has contributed to the great victory for the forces of civilization and humanity.

294 WAR ORPHANS TAKEN BY A.E.F. IN BANNER WEEK OF CAMPAIGN

Total of Youngsters Placed Under Yanks' Wings Reaches 1,670

ANTI-AIRCRAFT AIMS HIGH

S.O.S., Air Service and Field Artillery Simply Pour Out Francs for the Cause

Surpassing all soldier precedent for generous and spontaneous giving, the A.E.F. this week adopted 294 fatherless little children for France.

The total taken in THE STARS AND STRIPES Christmas Gift War Orphan campaign has gone over the 1,000 mark —156 over. The A.E.F. has more than doubled our ante made on September 27, when we announced a group of 500 French war orphans listed and ready for Christmas gift adoption. That 500 went several weeks ago. Another 500 listed, investigated and photographed as quickly as possible, is gone.

Since September 27 the American soldiers in France have become godfathers to 1,156 war-stricken youngsters, and since the original opening of the War Orphan Department of THE STARS AND STRIPES last summer they have adopted 1,670 children and assured them of a home and all that goes with it for a full year.

This is a brief sum-up of business in the Orphan Department to date. The Red Cross committee, upon which falls the detailed work of getting the children and assigning them to adopters, is confronted now with almost as many requests for children as it can fill by Christmas, with indications that the next fortnight will see even larger orders coming. This unexpected response and the signing of the armistice have made necessary two important decisions.

Adoptions End December 16

First, the receiving of new adoptions by THE STARS AND STRIPES will be terminated at noon on December 16. All requests received by that date will be filled—if not by Christmas, as soon afterward as possible. But all received after that date will be devoted to second year adoptions. That is, they will be used to provide for children already in the A.E.F. family whose present income from their O.D. parrains will cease next summer and who will unless some provision is made, become objects of charity then.

Second, a certain number of new adoptions—several hundred, probably, taken from the contributions of the S.O.S., if permission is gained—will be devoted exclusively to the adoption of children in the recently freed departments of France.

The condition of tens of thousands of children in the territory occupied by the Germans for four years is reported as desperate. There is little food, little clothing, and they are without money. The Red Cross is preparing to list the most urgently needy of these children and will complete the work as soon as the French civil government in this territory is again functioning and can co-operate.

It is likely that this cannot be accomplished by Christmas, but it will be done as soon afterward as possible, and parrains of this class of children will have the satisfaction of knowing that, even if their adoption was not completed by Christmas, it went, within a short while thereafter, to as worthy a cause as can be imagined.

Anti-Aircraft Take 87

The great influx of adoptions this week was the result of several campaigns which are being conducted by various departments of the A.E.F.—the S. O. S., the Air Service, the Anti-Aircraft Service, and others. The whole Army, apparently, has got its shoulder to the Christmas Gift War Orphan wheel and is co-operating generously and in so many ways that they cannot be extolled, or even enumerated, in an eight-page weekly newspaper.

The Anti-Aircraft Service contributed 86 adoptions to the list—87, counting the personal adoption of one child by two A.A. officers. Quietly, the A.A. men have been gathering orphan francs for several weeks, following an appeal from their commanding officer, Col. F. R. Hopkins, and Chaplain H. R. Griffin.

Chaplain Griffin sent out a circular letter to the various A.A. batteries urging them to help the orphan movement. He calculated that they should take 20 children. Forty-three thousand francs, for 86 children, was the response. One battery telegraphed, "Taking one for every Boche we have shot down; give us four." "Plan eagerly accepted. Had the necessary fund for baby in 10 minutes—more following," wired another. One man drew 96 francs from the paymaster. He gave 50 of it to the orphan fund.

"I used to be an orphan myself and I know how it feels," he said.

A captain offered to double the biggest subscription in his company. Five men pooled 125 francs. He came through.

Yankee Pie for Orphans

Five batteries of 90 men each adopted seven children. It means more than an average of 40 francs per man. The contribution of 43,000 francs means more than 14 francs each from the 3,000 men who contributed.

To commemorate the adoption of their orphans, the A.A. men held open house at their headquarters, Fort de Stains, near Paris, last Sunday. Three thousand men were present and had, among their guests, 100 Y.M.C.A. and Red Cross girls and a score of orphans in charge of Miss Perrin of the Red Cross War Orphan committee.

There was pie—real old United States apple pie—for all the orphans and the other guests, there was an entertainment in the Y.M.C.A. hut by the Jambon troupe of the A.E.F. and a song service and sermon at 7 o'clock in the evening. It was in charge of the men who had worked out the orphan adoption campaign in the A. A. Service, Chaplains Griffin, C. H. L. Ford and H. H. Blanchard, Dr. F. W. Brown, Y.M.C.A., and Lieutenant Mann.

Col. Hopkins and Col. H. A. Schwabe, C.O. of the A.A.S. School, were speakers at the afternoon entertainment. Both praised the generosity of their command in the matter of orphans and Col. Hopkins told something of the remarkable record that the American A.A. Service had made at the front.

Air Service Going Strong

The Anti-Aircraft Service's nearest rival on this week's list was the Air Service. It was a sort of a "You may sail high, but we'll shoot higher" with the A.A.S. men, and the altitude attained by the A.A.S. is just an indication as to how high the Air Service flew.

ORPHAN CAMPAIGN CLOSES DEC. 16

The Christmas Gift War Orphan campaign of THE STARS AND STRIPES will close on Monday, December 16, at noon. This decision has become necessary, in view of the overwhelmingly generous response of the A.E.F.—not because of any death of orphans, but because of our physical inability to handle more adoptions before Christmas, the original date of termination.

All requests for orphan mascots received in this office by noon of December 16 will be filled, if not by Christmas, as soon afterward as possible, with the exception of a certain number which will be devoted to, and, if necessary, held for, the benefit of children in the recently freed territories of France whose need is desperate.

Regarding this great response of the A.E.F. to our appeal on behalf of the children of France, we can only say that we are proud to be the mediary for such expression and that, while realizing our inability to do credit to the wonderful work, or even to chronicle it appropriately, we cannot refrain from conveying, not on our behalf, but on the children's, a preliminary thanks which they will express themselves, a thousand times over, now and in future years.

No less than two score children were adopted by the Air Service, no less than two score will be made comfortable for a year by the aviators and the ground men for the coming year. Which is all the more remarkable in view of the generous number of adoptions which the Air Service had previously made.

All through the Air Service an orphan campaign is under way. Various units and various centers have assessed themselves so many children and then gone out to raise the money to adopt them. One Aviation Instruction Center, for instance, has decided that it should adopt 60, and is booming the business accordingly. Several sizable contributions already are the result of this campaign.

The Enlisted Men's Mess at A.S.R.C.B. No. 3 sent for four children. The 2nd Aviation Instruction Center, as a whole, did likewise, with other contributions from different units stationed there. Officers' Mess No. 3 (P. and M. Hq. Mess) at A.S.P.C. No. 2 adopted eight children. The Staff Officers of A.S.R.C.B. took two. These are just indications of what the Air Service is doing.

In the other contributions the Machine Gunners and the Ordnance Division were particularly well represented while, as a result of the S.O.S. campaign a dozen different sub-branches of the service distinguished themselves for generosity.

What Corporal Sims Did

The officers of the Quartermaster Depot at Montoir contributed 2,500 francs for five children. Forty-three men of the Finance and Accounting Division, Chief Surgeon's Office, raised 2,000 francs for four children.

"We are contributing half our mess fund in conjunction with the rest of the Chief Surgeon's Office," they announced, casually.

The 21st Field Artillery regiment broke all previous records for the Artillery by adopting 44 children in a bunch. The money—22,000 francs—came in with a letter from Chaplain W. H. Morgan, which read:

I think it is due to Corporal Sims of the 1st F.A. Band that it be stated that to him more than anything else is due the credit for what we think is a fine showing in this splendid enterprise of yours. He is a teacher in the Pat Sims Bible Class of the Headquarters Company, and inaugurated the movement which has terminated in this remittance. The Bible class has an unbroken record of bi-weekly meetings since long before leaving the States.

Corporal Sims was given ten days' freedom to present the claims of the French orphans to the regiment. He worked unceasingly. We feel that if we are not the banner regiment in the number of orphans taken we want to know it and will take further steps to put ourselves over the top. The men responded to this cause joyfully, and the amount gathered represents a great many small as well as large gifts.

In the list of regimental contributions there is only one regiment which exceeds that of the 21st Field Artillery. That is the 166th Infantry from Ohio, which, in a campaign conducted between fights on the front pledged itself to support 54 children. This still stands a record.

Three for One Captain

The 305th Trench Mortar Battery took three children; Co. E, 15th Engrs., sent in 1,000 francs for the "two most hard-up-against-it kids" to be found; Co. B, 317th Engrs., adopted four orphans; the Supply Company, 117th Infantry, adopted three, every man in the company paying his pro rata share at the solicitation of Corp. Allen Jones.

One Field Artillery captain adopted three children, one each for his wife and two daughters in the States. From Base Hospital 46 came 500 francs and an adoption in the name of Sgt. 1st Cl. Bloch. Sgt. Bloch raised the money for the orphan by selling hand-made Christmas cards of his own manufacture.

The white enlisted personnel of Camp Hospital 85 sent in 500 francs, "having amassed it by dint of sublime sacrifice and self denial, chiefly in the avoidance of buvettes and cafes" and desiring to stand "in loco parentis (meaning, as locoed parents) to one of the fair and feminine sex."

To top off the list there were ten children adopted from the States. The Colorado Women's Auxiliary of the U. S. Army took five of these, four women of Denver, Mrs. L. C. Phipps, Mrs. V. L. Reed, Mrs. Lucius Hallet and Mrs. E. Anders, being among the contributors.

TAKEN THIS WEEK.

Supply Co. 318	1
Co. E, 15th Engrs.	2
1103rd Replacement Squadron	1
Co. B, 317th Engrs.	4
Co. A, 32nd Engrs.	2
Co. B, 308th Labor Bn.	1
Lt. Albert F. De Loney, A.S.	1
376th Aero Training Squadron	2
Members Finance Dept., Division Q.M. Office, 91st Div.	1
Permanent School Force, School for Flying Officers, A.S.R.C.B. No. 3	1
Students, School for Flying Officers, A.S.R.C.B. No. 3	1
2nd Aviation Inst. Center	4
1102nd Aero Replacement Squadron	1
Kerth, Mason and Monroe Loomis, Oak Park, Ill.	1
Paul Kerth, Jr., Cairo, Ill.	1
M.C.K.	1
Hq. Co., 15th Engrs.	2
660th Aero Squadron	1
Hq. Enl. Men's Mess, A.S.R.C.B. No. 3	4
Staff Officers, A.S.R.C.B. No. 3	2
Ord. Officers, O.C.O.O., A.P.O. 717	1
Lt. Charles H. Boyle, A.R.C.	1
Co. D, 105th M.G. Bn.	1
Co. C, 105th M.G. Bn.	1
Co. B, 105th M.G. Bn.	1
Hq. Co., 105th M.G. Bn.	1
Co. A, 105th M.G. Bn.	2
Mrs. P. B. Lister, Laramie, Wyo.	1
Co. B, 10th M.G. Bn.	1
Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus P. Barnum, Y.M.C.A.	1
Base Hosp. No. 53	1
Officers, Requirements Div., O.D.	8
Co. A, 10th M.G. Bn.	1
139th Aero Squadron	1
34th Aero Squadron	2
Battery D, 335th F.A.	1
616th Aero Squadron	1
Mrs. Fred Caesar Schindler, Pulaski, Iowa	1
Finance and Accounting Division, Chief Surgeon's Office	4
Construction Officers, 2nd Aviation Inst. Center	1
15th Co., 4th Regiment Mechanics, 2nd Aviation Inst. Center	1
1st Echelon, Hq. 35th Div.	1
Miss Gertrude Parsons, Rome, Italy	1
Lt. H. R. Southall, A.S.	1
Bakery Co. No. 9	1
Supply Co., 70th Art., C.A.C.	1
White Enl. Personnel, Camp Hosp. No. 85, Camp Montoir	1
Co. D, 313th Labor Bn.	1
Capt. and Mrs. J. B. Jamieson, Jr.	1
M.S.C. Chas. J. Gallagher, Sgt. 1st Cl. Leon Stables, Sgt. 1st Cl. Henry D. Sears, Sgt. 1st Cl. Walter C. Sargent, Chauf. Wm. P. Wells and Chauf. Ernest Heg, A.S.R.C.B. No 3	1
19th Aero Squadron	1
Major-Gen.	1
Const. Dept., Hospitalization Div., Office of Chief Surgeon	1
Purchasing and Disbursing Section, Supplies Div., Q.C.S.O., S.O.S.	1
Officers, Co. B, 38th Engrs.	1
Officers, Q.M. Depot, Montoir	5
In Memory of Sgt. James J. Farrell, Battery D, 311th F.A.	1
Office Employees, Natural Gas Co., Wheeling, W. Va.	1
Bob Kirk, Harrisburg, Pa.	1
Miss Eleanor Gleason, Y.M.C.A.	1
825th Aero Repair Squadron	1
Col. J. H. W.	1
Battery C, 301st F.A.	2
Officers and Men, Central Med. Dept. Lab.	2
Supply Co., 117th Inf.	3
Officers and Men, 405th Telegraph Bn.	2
Commanding Officer and Enl. Personnel, Provisional Motor Truck Co., M.T.C., A.P.O. 711	2
Colorado Women's Auxiliary, Denver, Colo.	5
1st Const. Co.	3
Sgt. 1st Cl. Adolph Bloch, M.D.	1
Directors of Instruction and Instructors, Heavy Art. School	1
Battery C, 336th F.A.	1
Ambulance Co. No. 41	1
Blanche Fleur	1
19th Coast. Co.	1
Co. C, 26th Engrs.	2
21st F.A.	44
Paul Garrett, Bluff Point, N.Y.	2
Q. V. Vail, Norfolk, Va.	1
Methodist Sunday School Class, Ripley, Tenn.	1
Corp. F. W. Gates	1
Capt. Thomas F. Cooke	1
12th Co., 2nd M.M. Regt.	1
315th Trench Mortar Battery	1
Ambulance Co. No. 353	1
1st Co., 3rd A.S. Mechs.	1
Co. C, 268th Motor Supply Tn.	2
Capts. R. M. Fallon, John E. Nealy, Charles E. Simons, B. K. Smith and H. F. Wortham, and Lieuts. J. W. Brinton and Walter Robinson	1
2nd Co., 3rd A.S. Mechs.	1
Officers, 166th Aero Squadron	1
494th Aero Squadron	1
4th Co., 3rd A.S. Mechs.	2
Co. D, 11th Regt. Marines	1
Two Officers, Seven Enl. Men, Marbache Am. Park	1
18th Co., 3rd A.S. Mechs.	1
Sanitary Squad No. 41	1
Billy, Jimmy, Jane and Ann Little, Rochester, N.Y.	1
Enl. Men, 113th Field Hosp.	1
Officers' Mess No. 3, A.S. Prod. Center No. 2	8
305th Trench Mortar Battery	3
Sanitary Detch., 23rd Engrs.	1
C. Sect., 217th Aero Squadron	1
17th Co., 3rd A.S. Mechs	2
Miss Nancy Stambaugh, Miss Caroline Stambaugh and Mrs. John Stambaugh, 2nd, Youngstown, Ohio	3
8th Co., 3rd A.S. Mechs.	2
834th Aero Squadron	1
803rd Aero Rep. Squadron	1
Supply Co., 13th Regt. Marines	2
Capts C.N. Peacock, Harry L. Caesar, William M. Rockey and R. K. Dunworth	1
Lt. V. A. Endersby, Engrs	1
"Two Lieuts. A.A.C."	1
1st, 2nd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, School Detch., and A.A.A.T.T. Detch. (1 each)	18
Hq. & Sup. Co., 1st A.A.C. Bn	2
Battery A, 1st A.A.C. Bn.	3
2nd A.A.C. Bn.	18
Hq. & Sup. Cos. and Staff, 3rd A.A.C. Bn.	3
Battery A, 3rd A.A.C. Bn.	2
Battery B, 3rd A.A.C. Bn.	1
Battery C, 3rd A.A.C. Bn.	4
Battery D, 3rd A.A.C. Bn.	1
4th and 5th A.A.C. Bns.	21
6th A.A.C. Bn.	6
Officers' Mess, A.A.C. School	1
Officers' Mess, A.A.C. Chateau	1
Miscellaneous, A.A.C.	4
Previously adopted	862
Total	1,156

NEW GUESSING CONTEST

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Nov. 28.—Pure matters of guess are the daily announcements of the members of the United States peace commission which range through Taft, Root, Hughes, Baruch, Baker, Hoover, House and a dozen others.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt wants a woman to sit at the peace table, and the anti-suffragists, upon hearing of it, immediately started an indignant agitation against the proposal.

The American Federation of Labor has gone on record as wanting Samuel Gompers to go. The United States Senate would like to see some Senators included. In the meantime, the country at large is sawing wood and saying nothing, aparently, wishing merely that America's best men shall go.

The President's decision to go, of course, is another welcome occasion for discussion, distinguished chiefly by a prodigal expenditure of verbiage. Exceedingly important statements are made daily as to his purpose in attending the peace conference, but, unfortunately, they are all different.

'OVER, OVER HERE,' NEW YANK ANTHEM

Hoboken Proves Winner in Famous Three Cornered Debate

"And we're going back, for it's over, over here," is the new version of the old song which sprang into vogue when 1,400 sick and injured Yanks, gathered from the hospitals in the vicinity of Bordeaux, left for the United States early this week. This was the first detachment of returning soldiers to leave the port of Bordeaux. It was a regular party, that home-going party, in spite of the fact that many of its members carried wounds which will mark them for life. For them, at least, the slogan which had steeled many a heart on the battlefields of France—"Heaven, Hell or Hoboken by Christmas," was to prove true, with Hoboken drawing the winning card, and there was not one who did not see visions of a Christmas back there with all that that holiday spent at home means.

In the detachment were Yanks who had fought at Château-Thierry and others who had received their injuries along the Marne and in other sectors held by the American Army. Many wore Distinguished Service Crosses and Croix de Guerre, and an enterprising hock shop dealer would have died of envy if he could have seen the display of souvenirs.

Direct to Docks in Trains

The men were taken from the hospitals in special trains direct to the embarkation docks, where a large hospital had been erected to take care of them until they were put upon the ship. Everything was provided for their convenience under the supervision of the Red Cross. They were accompanied by Medical men and nurses to care for them, and the ship carrying them was well provided with medical supplies.

The Surgeon General's office has arranged that every care shall be taken of the patients from the various hospitals in the vicinity of Bordeaux on the return trip to the States. Each homebound contingent will take with it its own quota of doctors and nurses. In this way the men will be properly cared for on the trip, and the doctors and nurses will be returned home also, thereby killing two birds with one stone. Adequate medical facilities will also be provided in each instance, it has been announced.

Owing to the fact that Bordeaux is to be one of the chief ports of embarkation for the Army, the week has been one of unusual activity there. Additional clerks, to take care of the necessary records, have been provided, and construction work for the providing of facilities for the embarkation of troops at the docks has been going forward rapidly.

EIGHTEEN BILLIONS FOR WAR

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Nov. 28.—The Fourth Liberty Loan turns out to have been some pumpkins, with $981,000,000 oversubscribed.

Altogether, in the last 18 months the American people have subscribed $17,652,000,000 to Liberty Loans and War Savings Stamps.

BREST MAINTAINS LEAD POSITION IN STEVEDORE RACE

Continued from Page 1

boys feel about the race. It was overheard at the docking of the steamer Wesderdijk, at Dock No. 11, St. Nazaire:

Stevedore (to soldier on deck of ship): What is you-all got on dat ship?

Soldier: Horses.

Stevedore: How much tonnage to dem horses?

Soldier: What?

Stevedore: How much tonnage to dem horses? We's on de "Race to Berlin" and what we wants is tonnage!

Bordeaux, in spite of the two days it had to knock off, established a new record of its own by unloading 10,830 tons of freight in one day, beating its former mark by 188 tons. When they found that they were behind owing to the moving process, the Stevedores got on to the docks a half hour earlier on Saturday morning. Their total average for the week was 8,230 tons each day, only 165 tons less than that of the second week, so it can be seen that they caught up with a vengeance.

Week's Champion Outfit

The 835th Stevedore Company was the banner outfit of Bordeaux's second week of the race, winning the right to wear the coveted brassards and to lead the big parade carrying the Gen. Connor banner to work each morning. The men also enjoyed all of the special privileges of the camp for the week.

At the St. Sulpice warehouses, not far from Bordeaux, the men are unloading cars just as fast as they are being sent from the docks. Col. McMahan, commanding St. Sulpice, has told the Bordeaux dock gang that his men can unload the cars faster than they can be shipped to St. Sulpice, and there is a merry young war on, with no armistice.

Rochefort complains that it is not getting enough ships. Its poster reads:

It used to be corned willy, and they would get it if the chow kitchen wasn't blown up; but now, while marching toward the Rhine, they can cook a real meal. That means more food, more supplies. Will you lay down on those who are now completing our success that will get you on your way home soon? No! Then send on the food and supplies!

At La Pallice the gang took a terrific delight in jumping from eight to fifth place. Even the big athletic meet, held yesterday, was not talked of as much as the all-pervading topic of the Race to Berlin.

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1918.

THE DOUGHBOY

"Some weeks ago I helped bury a young doughboy—just a boy of 18 or 19, a handsome, black haired little fellow. He fell with his face towards the Hun, one hand gripping the small of the stock of his Springfield. They knocked the life out of the little fellow, but they couldn't knock that smile off his face. He died with it there.

"Such is the way they fight, and such is the spirit in which they make the supreme sacrifice, and give their all to the cause."

So writes a Coast Artilleryman—unconsciously phrasing as fine a tribute to the Infantry's work in this war, and the spirit in which that work was done, as ever the most gifted writer could pen.

STILL GOING STRONG

As every doughboy knows, the German army has thrown up the sponge and relaxed its hold upon the few remaining portions of France and Belgium that were in its possession up to November 11.

As every sailor knows, the bulk of the German fleet, with its tail very badly down, has handed itself over to the Grand Fleet of the Allies.

As we all know, the German Kaiser is Kaiser no longer, but a rather unwelcome visitor in a neutral country upon which, with his never-failing courtesy, he wished himself and his beloved son.

But Germany's best and strongest weapon of warfare has not been handed over. Her propaganda service, embracing many workers in all lands and climes, is, as before the armistice, indefatigably on the job. Even now we can hear its insidious voice whispering into the ears of good Americans such sentiments as, "Look out for Great Britain; she will cheat you at the peace table;" "Look out for France; she will work the sympathy plea on you and keep you paying high taxes for years;" "Look out for Japan, for she will stab you in the back while your Army is still in Europe."

The answer to all such nebulous insinuations consists in reporting, without delay, any man who spreads such poppycock among the ranks of the A.E.F.

Old Herr von Propaganda is still going strong, and the only way we can stop him is to squelch his loud-mouthed and know-it-all assistants, and squelch them hard.

EASING UP A BIT

"If profanity will help win the war, I'm for it," declared a noted American preacher in the thick of the cussword barrage about Château-Thierry last summer. Reinforced by that expert clerical opinion, all the doughboys within hearing proceeded to trace more accurately and vociferously than ever before the alleged ancestry of the ex-Kaiser.

They kept it up, to be exact, right through the forenoon of the 11th of November in this year of grace. And the chaplains who overheard them simply smiled benignantly—when they did not join in themselves.

But the war may now safely be declared won. It will be the job of the historians of the future to decide what part the concentrated cussing of the 22 Allied nations played in the winning of it. It is our job, now, to take a little thought of preparing ourselves for our more or less distant return to English-speaking civilization.

Whatever else may be said of it, no one can ever call THE STARS AND STRIPES a prude or a stickler for old maid diction on the part of fighting men. But THE STARS AND STRIPES shudders to think of Dad being affectionately addressed as "You —— —— old —— ——!" by his beloved son home from the war. Or of the dire consequences if Little Brother should attempt to repeat lispingly his Hero's animadversions on the subject of Army slum.

What do you say that we all—including the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES—try to ease up a bit? How about cutting down our profanity output at the rate of one damn a day?

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

Why is it that the average military band of the A.E.F. invariably leaves out a good two lines of "The Star Spangled Banner"? It goes straight from:

> What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last beaming

to the higher notes of:

> And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

leaving out entirely the music that should accompany

> Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous night
> O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming.

In the words of the Apostle, "My brethren, these things ought not to be."

The music for the second two lines, the ones just quoted above, is the same as that for the two opening ones. Surely, we should not allow our new-found passion for salvage and economy to lead us into clipping so vital a product as the national anthem.

Three different bands, in three different places, have been noted as making this omission on three different occasions within the last three months. Two of those occasions were important Franco-American festivals, when, if ever, the national anthem should be rendered accurately. To the credit of two of the bands, however, be it said that they rendered "La Marseillaise" without a flaw, but that should not excuse them from slighting that great companion piece of the French hymn which is their own.

Purists in music and literature may sneer and hint that there are better composed, more poetically worded national anthems than "The Star Spangled Banner." To them we reply that the fact remains that "The Star Spangled Banner" is the Army's own, and good enough for the Army to fight and die for, and that it is the only national anthem, recognized and approved, that we have. Since that is the case, it would seem that it is up to the Army to see to it that it is played correctly and fully by the Army's musicians. When that is done, the purists will have little to say.

THANKS, MR. CENSOR

It is no news to the censor that some of our number, in seasons past, have smuggled surreptitious letters back home, took a chance on putting in valuable information and getting it by in the rush, using codes whose clumsiness varied in degree, or in other ways putting something over on him. Also, some of our number got caught at it, and a whole lot of G.I. pots and pans are better scoured as a result.

Those men who really got away with it—who let the girl know that they were stationed at Romorantin, and not at Bordeaux, as she suspected, or that the raid in which they captured 20 Germans took place north of Toul, and not in Alsace—haven't much left to tell, now that the censorship lid has blown off with a bang and released the whole imprisoned geography of France.

Those men who obeyed the law to the best of their belief will now reap their reward. They really have something to write about. When they sailed, how they sailed, how long it took, where they have been in France, what they have seen, what they have done—all this can now be laid before the folks as an open book. The title of that book will be "The War as I Saw It," and it will have a circulation of something like two million copies.

Thanks, Mr. Censor.

THE UNUNIFORMISTS

Uniform means just that—all alike. It doesn't mean, for instance, in an army, that one man shall wear what pleases him and the next what pleases him. It means that both men shall dress regulation. It does not allow for gewgaws on the hat or chest, or for roll collars, or for bellows pockets.

There are a good many Ununiformists in the A.E.F., people who "want to be different." We have already printed an order to aviators from their chief telling them, in about so many words, to can the comedy stuff. They did. Occasionally you will still see an officer, however—by no means always an aviator—who has cultivated that different look. You can't miss seeing him, because that is the whole idea—to catch the eye.

But it isn't altogether an officerial problem. The ranks are full of Ununiformists. This does not mean one hundred per cent full, because if everybody dressed contrary to regulation, and if that contrariness were all of a kind, you would simply have another kind of uniformity.

The man who goes up and down through the Army looking like a second-hand jewel chest or a misappropriated tailor's dummy is the same person who, sometime previous to April 6, 1917, used to parade up and down past Washburn's Drug Store with his trousers at high tide so that he could show one black and one white sock.

THE LAST TO LEAVE

If the manipulator of a mental X-ray were to center his apparatus on the collective head of the A.E.F., he would see there a single big question mark. That question mark means: "When are we going home?" There is no harm in airing this big secret; it is not harmful to morale; rather, it boosts morale. It makes for speed, and speed makes for a quicker journey down to the ports and aboard ship.

But the A.E.F. is not operating in a mad, unorganized rush for home. It is working calmly, collectedly, systematically, proving its willingness to wind the job up thoroughly and leave no shavings or sawdust around to be policed up. It knows that there is still much to be done.

And it is good to find almost any organization you ask about it feeling that it will be the last to leave France for America. It means that it has the right idea of its own importance in the Army scheme of things.

If one man thought that way about himself, you would say, and rightly, that he was overestimating his own importance. When a whole outfit thinks that way, that sentiment becomes what our French Allies call esprit de corps—and what we call the proper spirit.

THE "RACE TO BERLIN"

Instead of going to town and celebrating with the civilian population on the day the armistice was signed, the Stevedores working in the neighborhood of Bordeaux stayed on their jobs and unloaded 10,642 tons of freight, a record for the port. Considering that the daily average for their port during September and October was only 6,131 tons, it can be seen at once what a burst of speed that record implied.

There is not, of course, as much romance in the job of shooting supplies up to a more or less passive Army of Occupation as there is in speeding it out red hot to an active, combatant Army. But, fight or no fight, those Stevedores down in the S.O.S. instinctively knew that their brethren up in front were still dependent upon them, and would be so until the conclusion of their triumphant march to the Rhine, and after. So they heaved away and sped the loaded cars out with a vim.

When the S.O.S. collectively goes back to the States, it can rest assured that its home folks will know of its work and slap it heartily on the back for putting that work through.

The Army's Poets

WE HAVE WON

From the waters of the Channel to the far Swiss frontier pass,
For three hundred miles of battle, wire and mud.
From the flaming front of Belgium to the lines that niche Alsace
With the lease that gives us tenure writ in blood:
From a Mons, rewon and righted, from Sedan, revenged for aye,
To the bulwark of the centuries, Verdun,
Falls a sweet and stranger silence and the red roar dies away—
We have won, we have won, we have won!

By the martyrdom of mothers and the children that they bore,
By the skeleton of Louvain and its kin,
By the prisoners of Vimy where their charnel corridor
Told the hale we owe the butchers of Berlin;
By the lives we put behind us, by the memories we keep
Of the men who marched with us whose race is run,
By the thousands of their crosses where their ranks are still in sleep,
We have won, we have won, we have won!

So we quit the battered trenches, so we leave the stricken field,
And the ancient load is lifted as we move,
And the flags whose wake we followed, that have forced the Hun to yield.
Bless the columns, swinging on, they ride above!
Oh! the hungry guns are muzzled and the steel is sheathed and cold,
And the land of France is shining in the sun.
We are back to home and fireside, all we staked ourselves to hold—
We have won, we have won, we have won!

STEUART M. EMERY, Pvt., M.P.

Armistice Day.

THE WARD AT NIGHT

The rows of beds,
Each even spaced,
The blanket lying dark against the sheet,
The heavy breathing of the sick,
The fevered voices
Telling of the battle
At the front,
Of Home and Mother.

A quick, light step,
A white-capped figure
Silhouetted by the lantern's flame,
A needle, bearing sleep
And sweet forgetfulness.
A moan—
Then darkness, death.
God rest the valiant soul.

A PADRE.

PASSING THE BUCK

The Colonel has a job to do
That's really hard, and puzzling, too;
He can't quite figure what it needs,
So hands it on to Major Heeds.

And Major Heeds he thinks it o'er,
And thinks it o'er and o'er some more,
And he can't make it out at all,
So Captain Jones, he takes a fall.

The Captain shoves his helmet back,
And puts his brains all on the rack;
But "D—n" is all that can be said,
And then it's up to First Loot. Head.

O' course, he "knows," but hasn't time—
The work they shove on him's a crime;
This, and then lots more to boot.
So on it goes to the Second Loot.

Now Lieutenant Young is just a kid,
A baby mouth by an eyebrow hid;
A job like that would knock him cold,
He hands it down to Top-soak Gold.

The Top-soak, 'course, is swamped with work;
It never was his plan to shirk.
But Sergeant Reed, he's just the man,
He'll surg do it if any can.

But that old sarge must sleep a lot;
This biz of overworkin's rot;
He gives the Corp'ral loads of gas,
And so that duffer takes a pass.

But Corp'ral don't know what to do,
They're only built for bossing, too;
So Corp'ral Jenks, he says he's stuck,
And hands it on to a common buck.

And when the job is finished right,
And all the things are clear as light,
Why, then, it's found by all the Fates,
The job was done by Private Bates.

An' it's passin' the buck,
An' a-passin' the buck,
An' a-passin' the buck along,
An' on with the buck
With the best o' luck,
An' I hope you come out wrong.

NORMAN E. NYGAARD, Sgt., 313 Sn. Tr.

A BATTLE PRAYER

Alone upon a hill I stand
O'erlooking trench and No Man's Land;
In night's black skies, like Northern Lights,
Pale flashes rise to mark the heights
Where Death's dark angels bear away
The souls of men who die today.

Jesus of Nazareth, from Thy cross
Look down and comfort those who toss
And scream in pain and anguish dread
In No Man's Land among the dead;
Have pity for the wounds they bear,
Jesus of Nazareth, hear my prayer.

On Calvary, as the hours dragged,
From cruel nails Thy body sagged.
Yet in that agony, O Lord,
Thou didst give blessed comfort t'ward
One suffering soul who with Thee died:
He who for sin was crucified.

Out there lie men who die for right—
O Christ, be merciful tonight;
Wilt Thou who stilled the troubled seas
Stretch forth Thy hand their pain to ease,
Thy sons whose feet so bravely trod
Earth's battlefields, O Son of God?

BRAINERD TAYLOR, Major, U.S.A.

DOWN ON THE FARM

(Dedicated to the Ohio Doughboy).

By S. SPARKS.

I've been wonderin' and a-thinkin'
Of the time when I get back,
When I throw away my rifle
And I sling aside my pack;
To fergit about the drillin',
'Bout the war and gas alarm,
And to start agin a-livin'
Peaceful-like, down on the farm.

Joined the army 'long last April,
Volunteered, and went along;
Spent the summer months squad-rightin',
And I'll say it weren't no song,
Just a-drillin' and a-drillin',
Seemed to beat the gosh-all darn,
Till sometimes I was lamentin'
That I left the dear old farm.

'Tweren't long, though, till we crossed over,
Took our places in the fray—
I'd forgot about the homestead
Until jist the other day
When they called the blame thing over—
Right then came Dame Nature's charm,
Jist a sort o' hankerin' feelin'
For the life down on the farm.

So I find myself a-wishin'
For the smell of new mown hay,
For a tramp down through the meadow,
Jist a while 'fore it gets day;
Jist to live where you feel free-like,
And where evidence of harm
Has been swallered up in gladness,
Peaceful-like, down on the farm.

THE ARMY NURSE

I read, as a boy, about nurses,
Who had luminous, starry eyes,
Who held heroes' heads after battle,
And fetched such soulful sighs.

Who moved about like fairies,
To cool some fevered brow,
But alas! for my boyhood visions,
A real nurse is different now.

There isn't a nurse for each hero,
All steeped in German gore;
But were the day's work is finished
She has cared for a score or more.

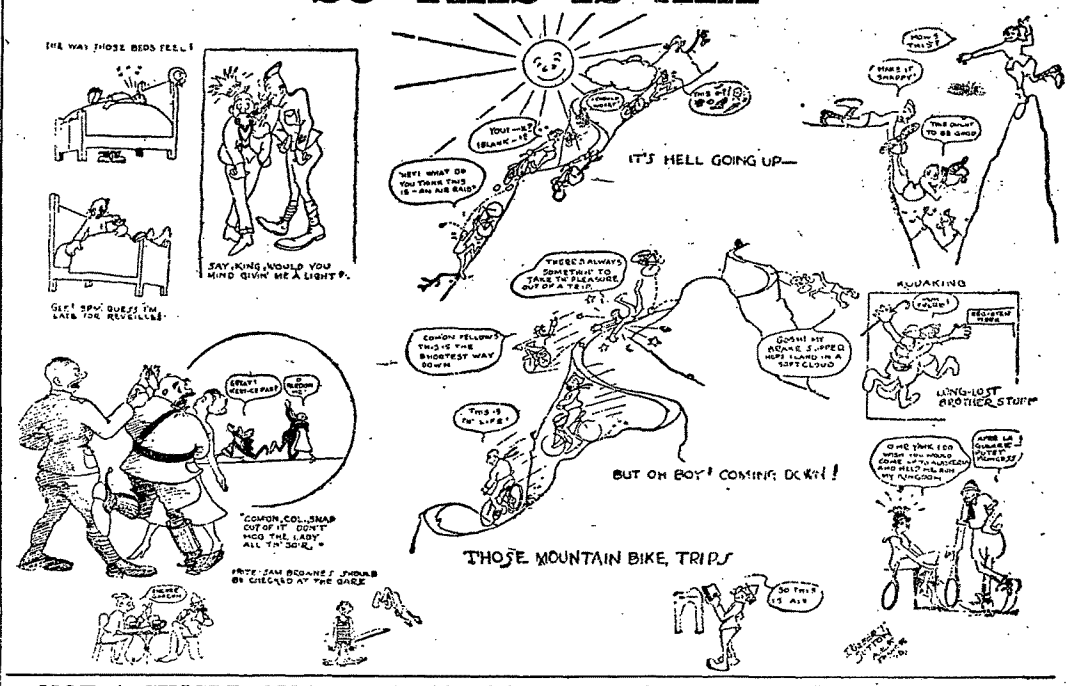
She comes with a cheery "Good morning,"
Then a word to the fellow who's blue;
And, really now, it's amazing
What her pleasant smile will do.

But gone are my boyhood visions,
For they are no longer of worth;
But through sunshine and stormy weather,
Here's the health of the Army Nurse!

CHANDLER W. POST, Sgt.

(Written after spending three months in five different hospitals.)

SO THIS IS AIX



NOT A SINGLE ONE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Some day when you are looking for space fillers, and you are hard up, you might want to slip this cootie ode and essay it; perhaps you have had enough of that sort of stuff—anyhow, I'll take a chance.

UP THE LINE, OCTOBER 27.

We have slept in barns and barracks,
In the mud and in the rain;
We have slept in broken buildings,
Everywhere—in each campaign;
We have bunked with cooties rampant,
We have slept on lousy straw;
And we've slept where shells have whistled
In dugouts—but, oh, pshaw!

Well, we have hit a new place,
Since we've wiggled up the line;
We are sleeping in a hen-house,
And, say, the sleepin's fine!
That is, we sleep when all is quiet
And shells aren't overhead;
Be it known, we'll nap or slumber
When the cooties aren't in bed.

For, no matter where you travel,
And no matter where you roam;
The doughboy's got a partner—
There's a cootie in his home.

Barns, barracks, broken building—all these are billets; but there is only one cootie.

We know; we've seen them all. We have slept in barns where the perfume of the sweet fields of Normandy was only a memory—and a far-away one. We have been billeted in barracks that were mere camouflage on the face of the earth—great, gaunt holes allowed the moonlight (and the rain) to filter through. And on broken buildings the doughboys have made a specialty in plaster, mud and debris; they have found a resting place; weary backs have found a haven on cement floors.

Then into dugouts, mere holes in the ground, the youngster who was "going up the line," was thankful to crawl, to escape stray pieces of shrapnel when Fritzie's artillery let go and sent shell after shell into nowhere. The average tin-helmeted Yank has squirmed, crawled and wriggled in these rabbit holes, perhaps some straw, brought from goodness-knows-where, providing the original American mattress, French-made. In all these bunks and billets he has found the cootie—if he hasn't made his acquaintance; then it is a safe bet he was never up the line.

There is only one cootie, to be sure—but the statement is general. There's a cootie everywhere, not the same identical cootie, but belonging to the same family—and families grow over night; hence the sufficiency of supply and the impossibility of extermination.

Along the hillsides of the Marne, in the valley of the Vesle, in the fastnesses of the Argonne—where our boys have met the Hun—there the cootie has kept him company. You may not think that is true; but the cooties who are with the doughboys are game, courageous and true; they'll stick to a man under shellfire—and they'll keep him in motion when he longs for sleep.

Machine gunners, who know how to sweep the enemy's front with their rat-tat-tat machines, have yet to learn the law of separation—for neither Hun, shrapnel nor changing weather conditions can subdue the same old cootie. He is there to the last.

The cootie is not an optical illusion; there is one cootie, but the one applies in name only. There are some millions of cooties in France; how many are with the A.E.F. the censor will not permit being known, and doughboys are having a hard time finding out out. One Yank who has been up the line and who saw plenty of the fireworks very soberly wrote home:

"I have not seen a single cootie in France."

He was right. For he added:

"They are all married and have large families."

JIMMY MURRIN,
Hq. Co., 112th Inf.

TEN COMMANDMENTS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Today marks another milestone in my life and military service, and, as a privilege given me, I am sending to my son in the States, who, after two years' hard service in the ranks of the Yanks over there is about to receive his reward at an officers' training school, a copy of the ten commandments of a young or any officer of the American E. F. Other fathers have sons of whom they are equally proud. It has been my sorrowful duty to send some back because "they walked in the shadow of a tinned can." If you think these commandments worthy of publication, you may use them, for if they cause only one to see the pitfalls in his path, I shall be proud.

I am a Georgian born of many generations, but an American first. I know no sectional lines, and am proud to be in the ranks of the Yanks in France.

MAJOR.

TO MY SON

But dedicated alike to the young officers of the A.E.F., North, South, East or West.

The Ten Commandments of an American Soldier.

Thou shalt honor thy country, thy flag and thy President with all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy Commander-in-Chief next unto them. This is the first and great commandment, and none other is like unto it.

Thou shalt honor and give diligent heed to the commands of thy superior officers, be they whom they may, that thy days may be long in the service of thy country, and thy nights bring peace of mind, for such is the law.

Thou shalt guard thy character as thou dost thy life, for it were better far that thou shouldst lay down the latter than that thou shouldst permit the former to be besmirched; for such is the creed of the men.

Thou shalt make the purity of thy mother the standard of that thou dost accord to every woman of all the nations of the earth, for so mayest thou avoid evil temptation and save thyself from those who seek to do thee harm beyond repair and beyond the skill of the leach of any land; for such is the wisdom learned by the men.

Thou shalt not look upon the wine when it is red within the cup, for verily the juice of the grape in rain-soaked France hath a kick like unto the ostrich bird, and he who dallyeth therewith walketh in the shadow of a tinned can. Such has proved true to many of the men.

Thou shalt let thy raiment be as costly as thy purse permits and thy ration as ample as thou mayest procure, but guard thee well against useless prodigality and shun thou the association of debt as thou wouldst that of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince or the devil. Heed the words of prudence, and be wise, young soldier.

Thou shalt bear thy portion of burdens to be borne, be thy company or thy condition what it may, but keep thy mind fixed firmly on this maxim true and tried, "A fool and his money soon part." The world delighteth to kick the man with an empty purse. Selah, ye men.

Thou shalt be brave, without bluster. Thou shalt bear thyself with dignity, but without pomposity. Be thou gay, but not with undue levity, in the presence of thy seniors, and saw not the air with thy hands nor bellow like the bull when making speech, lest ye display thine ignorance blatantly and thereby excite contempt. Be natural, though nature mayest have been but niggard in bestowal of her graces. Simple manhood holds the power for thee, young man.

Thou shalt choose thy friends where manhood true is found, where honor is the password and duty leads the way, and God and Truth and Home are thy beacons night and day.

Thou shalt take to thy heart, my son, and hold it true and fast this keynote of them all, from a brilliant of the past: "To thine ownself be true, for then it follows as the night the day, thou canst be false to no man."

So Mote It Ever Be,

YOUR FATHER.

FROM A FRIEND

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

At the moment when the terrible slaughter has come to an end, thanks to the devoted aid of great America, permit a simple French woman to express her gratitude and admiration for the country which has saved us. I know with what sublime abnegation, with what disregard of danger, those brave children delivered us from the Boche at the time when they were so near Paris. One of my nephews told me about it. He said: "There were ten thousand Americans who fought like lions. They made a rampart for us that stopped the Boche reaching Paris."

And, also, when I see all that you are doing for us, all the orphans you are adopting, for which you get no thanks from the French Government; when I see the merchants who, because you are Americans, charge you three times the value of things, and even food, without any thought of the self-imposed sacrifices you are making with open heart for us, you may be sure that there are times when a true Frenchman is ashamed to be one.

What must you think? I am speaking to you as a person who has suffered greatly mentally and spiritually from the war and who will suffer after it.

Before leaving France, please remember that there are French people who esteem and admire you, and who will never forget what you have done for their native land.

I visit the cemetery every week to greet those who have fallen so valiantly in defending us, and I am really grieved not to be able to strew all their graves with flowers.

Pardon me for writing this; I am but expressing all my feelings.

VEUVE A. JALE.

GOING HOME

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Who's going home first?

I have talked with about 25 Yanks in the last few days; they were in various branches of the service—doughboys, tankers, S.O.S., mule-skinners. Their universal opinion was that the A.E.F. should give the old-timers the first getaway. First over, first home—that was their idea. That is the only fair method, don't you think so?

While I have been only six months overseas, I am perfectly willing to wait my turn to go home. Let those of the gang who came over last summer and who spent a cold, wet, muddy winter in France—I say, let those units first pack up their toothbrushes, Auto-Strops, French dictionaries and Heinie souvenirs and trek back to God's country.

Ever since we got into this man's Army we have lined up. We've got in line for chow and for pay, and for a chance to hear the Agony Four entertain at the Y hut. Let's get in line now—for the real Blighty.

First over—first home!

T. P. DAVISON.

COMPENSATION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Could you please inform us if provision is made in the War Risk Insurance act for the loss of one eye, or if other compensation is paid by the Government for such injury? And if so, how much it is?

THE ONE-EYED SQUAD.

[Par. 44, of War Risk Circular states: "Compensation for partial disability is payable only during the period of such partial disability, and is based on the degree of reduction in earning capacity resulting from such disability. The determination of the amounts to be paid is dependent upon a schedule to be prepared by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance." No such schedule has yet been issued.—Editor.]

REFERRED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

It is requested that information as to whether or not General Atterbury intends to run a special between Paris and Berlin, now that the way is clear, be furnished.

DOUGLAS G. ALDEN,
1st Lieut., Ord.

ON TO PARIS!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

An indescribable feeling is being experienced by every soldier in the A.E.F. today. Perhaps it is subconsciousness in most cases, but nevertheless that strange unrest is there. Primarily it is the realization that the homeward journey is an actuality and not the misty dream we have heretofore regarded it when we had the time to think of such things.

The great strain is over and our goal has been attained. This fact does not for a moment mean that the boys are going to lose the vim and spirit by which they are distinguished from the majority of other troops, but it is obvious that a physical impossibility exists in shipping us all home without delay, now that the armistice terms with the new German Republic are about to be complied with. There remains a period of time that cannot be gauged accurately and it is only human to deduce that a reasonable amount of latitude will be given the United States troops during the interim between the present date and the day (oh! happy vision) they march up the gangplank to the homeward-bound transport.

Every fellow that has landed in France has at one time or another, had a real desire to see Paris. Of course, with a fair-sized war under way, this visit would have been more or less impractical to all except a few fortunate ones compelled (!) to proceed there on official business and the lucky units stationed near that capital.

The big guns have stopped now, but the wish to see Paris hasn't vanished, you can tell the world! Here is the opportunity for some kind-hearted soul at G.H.Q. to satisfy that ambition and go down into fame with a shiny halo around his head. Let every American soldier in France be granted a leave of from three days to one week in the Big City over here, providing it does not interfere with military necessities, and also providing that not more than, say, 50,000 per week be allowed the pass.

New York City swallows up a floating population daily of a quarter million souls and never feels it; in fact, the rents on the Great White Way depend upon them. It is true that Paris is a far cry from New York, but the basic principles of this idea can be accomplished if the right man in the right place wants to adopt it. And to reach that man, the spotlight of A.E.F. publicity, viz.: the columns of THE STARS AND STRIPES is hereby utilized.

JACK DESBECKER, Sgt., 501st Engrs.

"SAG" FOR COOTIES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Your edition of November 8 stated that an anti-cootie shirt was being transported overseas to the doughboys in the front line trenches.

In order that we may be the means of saving the Government money, I wish to state that we have the best preparation on the market today for the extermination of cooties. We absolutely guarantee that our preparation will exterminate the undesirable pest upon one application.

This preparation, the so-called "Sag" paste, may be obtained by sending a formal requisition to the nearest Gas officer.

Our discovery of this cure was made by application of the paste for its original purpose, to prevent burns from mustard gas, and much to our surprise we found that "Sag" not only prevented burns but killed cooties at the same time, thus doing double the amount of work it was intended for.

ITCH AND SCRATCH.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In your issue of November 15 you speak of the engagement, among others, of the 81st Division as being one of the severest conflicts of the last day of the battle. I quite agree with your statement.

The 81st was the last division on the right of the First Army. It went into action at 8 a. m., November 9, between the Verdun-Etain road and the Manheulles-Pintheville road. The last day of the battle, just as the armistice went into effect, companies of the 321st Infantry were halfway through the wire, only a few yards in front of trench de la Girafe. This was manned by the 3rd Grenadier Regiment of the 5th Guard Division and the entire regiment, consisting of six companies of 40 men each, was in the trench. The division had no reserves whatever and in a very few minutes the 321st Infantry would have taken the trench, and then would have had absolutely no troops except unprotected artillery between it and Germany.

P. S. VAN CISE,
Major, Inf., A. C. of S., G-2.

MISSING MAIL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

What becomes of wounded soldiers' mail? I have been in the hospital since July 15, and have received no mail. Fully 90 per cent of the wounded patients in the ward have the same complaint. We want to hear from home now more than ever. I have written to the Central Records Office and to the company without results. Please publish this letter, and perhaps it will bring results. Also give any information that may help resurrect mail which I know is somewhere in France.

Corp. C. J. HANNON.

[The Postal Express Service informs us that all unclaimed mail is sent to the Central Records Office, A. P. O. 902. We would advise you to write that office again, requesting that your mail be forwarded to you.—EDITOR.]

HERE AND THERE IN THE S. O. S.

If you are going to or returning from leave and stop off in a town that is not mentioned in your orders—it is to be hoped you won't, but IF you do—go awfully easy on running up and saying "Hello, buddy," to the first Yank that you meet. The chances are he may be a concealed M.P.

There are a few of them, but just enough to make things uncomfortable, on the route leading to the main leave areas in central and southern France. They don't wear brassards nor cardinal's hat bands, nor do they carry lump-raisers, but they are M.P.'s all the same. In fact, they don't spring their insignia until after they have delivered themselves of the fatal line. "Come along with me, guy." Then they flash it as proof of their right to arrest.

Some of them are merely men stationed at various S.O.S. plants along the route, who are armed with M.P. powers and privileges as a sort of a side issue, but, none the less, under orders to exercise them when the occasion arises. Some of them have no other aim in life except to trap the unwary and make them tread the straight-and-narrow from their units to the leave areas, and vice versa.

The Army laundryman travels around in small units of ten or so, generally attaching himself and his mates to plants where clothes are being overhauled. At one place where his apparatus did not arrive in time and there was a lot of work to be turned out he bared his husky elbows and got right down on the stones by the side of the river Saône with the old ladies of the village of Bourg and scrubbed with a right good will.

One of the laundryman's pet peeves is the job of cleaning up old wrap puttees, which come into him in all sorts of shapes, torn, dishevelled, and generally disreputable. After he has guaranteed them one clean surface to be worn outside, he ships them to a French contractor, who has the necessary machinery for piecing the torn ones together. That process completed, the putts are wound up again, done into the inevitable bundles of ten, and shot out in the field units that may have need of them.

The old story about saving every part of the pig but the squeal seems awfully old stuff to some of the salvage experts in the S.O.S. Give them, for example, one lone pant-leg, ripped off a doughboy while passing through a bunch of wire.

Do they cut it up into first-class private's buttons? No; they hang on to it until another lone pant-leg, a mate to it, comes in. Then they put the two side by side and see what can be done about it.

If the rips are fairly neat ones, right down the rear center seam and through the crotch, they patch up the two half-pants and make the tout ensemble look like a brand new issue pair. Then the finished product is re-issued. If the rips are not so neat, if one of the stray pant-legs overlaps more than it should or is torn to boot, they fix it up as best they can for some P.W. to wear. "Half a pant may become a whole pant, by watchful waiting for its buddy" seems to be their motto.

There is war fiction and war fiction but the best of it is that which is never published, according to a second lieutenant of a labor regiment somewhere in the S.O.S., whose special duty it is to censor the letters of his organization.

"As I lay there I could hear the Germans talking in low tones. They were so near that I could have put my hand out and touched them."

This was the way a man in a labor regiment began a letter to his best girl back home. It was a letter which would have made the heart of anybody's best girl jump with pride.

The censoring lieutenant had had some trouble with certain members of his command who persisted in writing glowing accounts of incidents which had never happened, so he determined to make an immediate example in this case.

When the man stood before him, he asked him what he meant by writing such a letter.

"Everything I have written is true," was the reply. "I was merely telling about the German prisoners we have working in this camp."

A couple of Army nurses, stationed in a big S.O.S. hospital, became warm friends of a French family in a nearby village. The daughter was engaged to be married, and immediately after the signing of the armistic the invitations were sent out for the wedding. The nurses each received one. The ceremony, quaint and unlike anything they had ever seen before, fascinated them. When the minister had concluded, one of the family went among the guests with a plate. Each person solicited made a contribution. As they were mostly peasants, the sum total was small.

The nurses determined to give the bride and groom a good send off. They took all the money they had, which was considerable, and poured it into the plate. They were disconcerted a few minutes later to see the minister receive the plate and empty its contents into his pocket.

One of the guests who spoke a little English was questioned.

"Oh," he replied, "that was his fee."

"Some kings are trumps, after all," was the admission of a husky six-foot lumberman of the 20th Engineers after a chance meeting with the aged King of Montenegro near one of the base ports a short time ago.

The incident occurred when the King was a guest at a hotel in a city not far from the camp of the 20th Engineers.

A number of American soldiers chanced to be at the entrance to a park when told that the King was coming. They stood at attention by the gate as the homeless ruler passed through.

The monarch, who was walking slowly, assisted by his aides, stopped when he saw the Americans and regarded them. They met his gaze with as much curiosity and interest as he manifested in them.

Asked if they spoke French, one of the Americans replied, "A little," whereupon the King attempted to converse with them. He examined a campaign hat carefully and also was apparently absorbed in the American uniform and collar ornaments.

As he left the King tipped his hat courteously. This was acknowledged by the Americans with the military salute.

STAGED IN AMERICA, 192—

She: Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

He: Gosh, no! Wasn't I in France the day the armistice was signed?

"I USED TO KNOW A GIRL—

—at Home Who Looked Just Like You"

OLD HINDENBURG FIXED FOR LIFE

Ex-German Artillery Horse Booked for New Hampshire Farm

WHINNIES AT SENTRY BOX

But Landwehr Guard Doesn't Come Out With Carrot—Good as Pack Carrier

How to get one chestnut horse—weight 1,750 pounds—back to New Hampshire is the problem that is giving one Machine Gun Battalion as much thought as is the question of when that battalion is going to return. Somehow—it can't be figured out just now—that horse must be in the line when the battalion marches through the streets of Concord or Manchester on its triumphant return.

For Old Hindenburg—what are name and nationality and sex when it comes to naming a horse?—has been on the roll of this outfit now for two months; he has gone into battle with it; he has eaten when times were good and rations plentiful hay as well as corned willie, and hungered the same as the men when the ration carts and supply trucks fell behind in the advance. Many a machine gun man remembers old Hindenburg's back as a sanctuary at a time when he feared he would have to fall out because of foot weariness.

Hindenburgh never crossed the Atlantic. He lived on the other side of the Rhine for the greater part of his young horse life, and he joined the battalion wholly by accident on one of those thrilling days when the German Army was moving back through the Argonne and the new Armies of America were pressing on.

Hindenburg Comes to Life

Dead horses are thick on every battlefield road, but a New Hampshire farmer, touched by the sight of miles of animal wastage, felt a thrill of genuine sorrow when he saw two huge horses lying side by side in their traces in front of a German artillery limber. He mechanically kicked at the nearest hoof, and then up rose Hindenburg, floundering with the weight of the harness that linked him to the wagon pole and the dead horse on the other side. A high explosive fragment had stopped that other horse, but Old Hindenburg had not been touched.

Hindenburg—they christened him on the spot—had no objections at all to joining the battalion. He proved his worth right away when they loaded on his platform-like back a half dozen heavy packs. Like the well-trained horse he was, he simply fell into the column and went plodding along. An officer, growing curious, expressed some doubts as to the legality of Hindenburg's acquirement, but Hindenburg's farmer friend explained the difficulty away.

"He just followed us, sir," said the New Hampshire boy.

No Chance for Artillerymen

Wherever the machine gunners went, Hindenburg went, too. Days of shell-fire and fearful nights of moving in the darkness found the big chestnut horse always ready to carry a wounded man to an aid post or to give a lift to three of four wearied and spent soldiers. If they could, the battalion would vote a D.S.C. to the big horse, and they have always been watchful lest some avaricious Artillery outfit take him away.

There were several days when the boys felt sorry for Hindenburg. That was when the advance, quickening, carried the battalion into a region of shell-plowed hills and roads—a region that had been the German back lines. Hindenburg became restless and gave many signs that he was on familiar ground. He would try to turn off roads where there were big lettered signs "links-gefahren" or "rechtsgefahren," and there was one crossroads where he would stop invariably and whinny.

The Empty Sentry Box

Here he would make many curious movements with his ears, and turn his head for a look behind, and always he would trot over to the empty sentry box and sniff and then give a sort of a forlorn whinny. But the old Landwehr sentry, who may be presumed to have handed him a carrot now and then in the old days, never came out of the sentry box.

"Yes, sir, we're going to take Hindenburg back with us," said the New Hamps're boy, who had just come out of the hospital, the shell wound in his back healed perfectly. "As fast as this train will take me, I'm going back to the outfit, and I know I'll find him waiting for me. I want to give him a home for life back on the old farm."

NAVY CONTINGENT IS OFF FOR STATES

Homegoing Gobs Include Crews of Big 16 Inchers at Front

"Forty-second and Broadway's the next stop."

This was the message that came from some joy-infested gob when the first Naval homeward-bound party shoved off from Bordeaux last week.

The party consisted of 1,350 men and 52 officers, a part of the Naval contingent which has been cooperating with the Army in the popular pastime of strafing the Hun. The ship was among the first in the home-going fleet of transports.

At a general muster held preceding the departure of the vessel at Trompeloup, the naval station near Bordeaux, explanation of the telegram authorizing the beginning of America-bound drafts was given. According to the telegram, men who had records of the longest service on this side of the water receive preference in returning to America.

Other home-going drafts from the Naval contingent are to follow shortly. These drafts will include those gobs who played an important part in the Yank offensives with their 16-inch naval guns.

No, you might not have taken these latter for sailors in the fighting, for their "liberty blues" were replaced by khaki. But they were sailors, nevertheless, and they proved this by the skill with which they navigated their craft, a train of cars, over the difficult railroads at the front, and by the manner in which they used those big naval guns mounted on those same cars.

1ST DIVISION WINS PRAISE FROM C.-IN-C.

Brilliant Advance West of Meuse Made Subject of General Order

The 1st Division is the single subject of G.O. 201, G.H.O., in which the Commander-in-Chief records his extreme satisfaction with that unit's work. The order reads:

The Commander-in-Chief desires to make of record in the general orders of the American Expeditionary Forces his extreme satisfaction with the conduct of the officers and soldiers of the 1st Division in its advance west of the Meuse between October 4 and 11, 1918. During this period the division gained a distance of seven kilometers over a country which presented not only remarkable facilities for enemy defense, but also great difficulties of terrain for the operation of our troops.

The division met with resistance from elements of eight hostile divisions, most of which were first-class troops and some of which were completely rested. The enemy chose to defend its position to the death, and the fighting was always of the most desperate kind.

Throughout the operations, the officers and men of the division displayed the highest type of courage, fortitude and self-sacrificing devotion to duty. In addition to many enemy killed, the division captured 1,407 of the enemy, 13 77mm. field guns, ten trench mortars, and numerous machine guns and stores.

The success of the division in driving a deep advance into the enemy's territory enabled an assault to be made on the left by the neighboring division against the northeastern portion of the Forest of Argonne, and enabled the 1st Division to advance to the right and outflank the enemy's position in front of the division on that flank.

The Commander-in-Chief has noted in this division a special pride of service and a high state of morale, never broken by hardship or battle.

WAGON BUILDERS UNITE 103 PARTS

Every Division Supplied With 758 Horse Drawn Vehicles on Arrival

The man who took the old family clock to pieces and then found that he had enough material to make several clocks had no more intricate job before him than that of the American soldiers who are attached to a park for the assembling of wagons for the A.E.F. at one of the base ports.

The Army now uses 12 different types of wagons, and in order to save room the parts are all shipped separately. For the regulation field wagon there are 103 separate parts, besides the 28 spare parts which are carried in a box in the wagon.

An idea of the work turned out by this assembly park may be realized when it is known that each arriving division had to be supplied with 758 horse drawn vehicles. And as many as three divisions have arrived in a single week.

FINAL IN FLANDERS NOT LIKE ARGONNE

Forest Fighters Refer Inquirers to Record North of Verdun

POWDER RIVER IN FRONT

Stream a Mile Wide and an Inch Deep Brought to Attention of Prussian General

When the last job in Flanders was given one American division—just to capture Audenarde and vicinity and, later, three kiolmeters of Spitaalsbosschen (a wood, that's all), they romped into the thing with a shrug of the shoulders and the air of doing a setting-up exercise. And they refuse to talk about it.

They refer you instead to the Argonne. Their record there is known. Green from training camps, never having heard the screech of a shell, they fought through forest undergrowth thick with machine guns and held by the Kaiser's best—through seven kilometers of it in one day. That night the First Prussian Guard, drawing off with a dull headache, had the hazy impression that America's greatest metropolis was not New York, as had been supposed, but a certain Powder River.

For that was the Yanks' war cry—"Powder River." And as they went up and over, they added with a whoop, "Let 'er buck!" The insinuation that this slogan was invented by a real estate man is untrue. It was the chance answer of a small boy at the head of the column, when he was asked what place the division had reached on a training hike. From that evening, through America, to France, to Belgium, the members of this outfit told the folks back home they were stationed at "Powder River." One way of putting it over on the censor.

"Mile Wide and an Inch Deep"

"Powder River a mile wide and an inch deep," means the 91st Division. Its members come mainly from California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Idaho, Montana—and then add California again, because half are from that one State.

Spitaalsbosschen is a section of countryside with scattered groves, patches of farms, and a sprinkling of squatty farm buildings. It was held by machine gun nests cleverly placed. These the Yanks discovered, were to be found generally in three locations; at crossroads, behind hay stacks and in house roofs. Often the guns were so close together that, in flanking one, the Yanks would run into a neighboring nest not noticed before.

The Boche had planned well. His haystack fortress consisted of a semicircular trench behind and partly under the stack in which the several occupants could move to the flanks to observe and retire to the center to man the gun in the middle of the stack itself. The straw afforded good protection.

The house roof position was held as a rule by merely one soldier, sometimes a boy, while another would be on the lookout to give directions. The gun was anchored, aimed at a set vantage point, its nose in position where one tile had been removed from the roof. These posts were almost impossible of detection.

Three Kilometers of Nests

Nevertheless, it took the Yanks only one day to mop up three kilometers worth of these nests, and in the doing of it they had inflicted casualties heavier than they suffered.

It is a story of individual initiative backed up by good co-ordination. Private Thomas Hall, an Intelligence man, with a comrade, for example, captured 13 men and two guns, being under shell fire most of the time. Another private, named Kleithoek—good name for a soldier fighting in Belgium—de[illegible] with two men, captured eight, a lieutenant, and important papers.

The Yanks had found themselves in a sunken road when they noticed this enemy squad marching in their direction on another parallel road. They could see the iron hats moving along the skyline. Increasing their pace, they reached the cross roads first.

"Then we just jumped out with our bayonets," says Kleithoek.

Then there is the story of the M. P. corporal who was among the first of the Infantrymen to enter Audenarde, and who whiles away the time by taking pot shots at German machine gunners with a rifle which he "just happened to pick up somewhere."

And there is the incident of the 100 members of a balloon company who having no duties of their own for 36 hours, became stretcher bearers. And a truck driver, Eddie Heckinger (who, by the way, used to play baseball for Memphis), happening to see a Boche plane light in a field near him, overtook the visitor in his old time three-base sprinting form and made two German officers prisoners.

Lots of Target Practice

Everyone, it seems, got as much moving target practice on the side as possible. Sergeant Fox of a headquarters company is one of the most famous of the snipe shooters—at machine gunners. His fire was so rapid and so effective on one occasion in the Argonne that the Germans began to see double and honored him with a private barrage. So far there is no other record of such a distinction for one man.

Privates Burre and Vavasis of the Intelligence section also gained fame when they got away with the whole crew of a 77, picking them off one by one.

This sort of wild game stalking was the steady recreation of the Engineer, Captain Leavell. Once, however, the game proved larger than he had expected. While on reconnaissance duty, carrying his rifle as was his habit, he noticed a machine gun nest. He had taken two shots and was just at the trigger squeeze period of the third when there was a terrific screech overhead.

A branch and an armful of leaves, clipped off his protecting tree, fell over him. Turning, he saw that from a range of some 700 yards a 77 had opened fire on him. He could see the crew moving about in a small woods.

Forsaking his snipe shooting he turned his attention to this bigger game. They let him have another and then another. A rifle against a cannon. But the duel was a bit unfair; and after ten minutes or so the captain decided to withdraw.

Late one night Major Stanley Berry, once of football fame, now of the Medical Corps, came back to headquarters. His fellow officers looked at him in surprise. For he was covered with dirt and mud. His tin hat, sagging over one ear, would never have passed one of his own inspections. Medical majors do not generally look like that.

"Yes, rather soiled," he admitted, apologetically. "You see 30 buck privates and I have been building a bridge."

169,000 HORSES WORK FOR A.E.F.

Total of Million and Half Helped Allies to Win in France

GASOLINE FOR EVERYTHING

Animals, Worth Many Times Value in States, Go Round of Hospitals Like Rest of Us

After the battle of Verdun, in which the French held their lines against the desperate and protected onslaughts of the German Crown Prince with troops and munitions rushed forward almost wholly by automobile transport, some one called this a gasoline war.

The term stuck. The wonders of modern army transport, the quickness with which large bodies of men and huge quantities of supplies are moved have become commonplace. The automobile does it. So it is recorded, and so it has been accepted. The horse hasn't figured much in the calculations.

Now, however, steps forward the Billets and Remounts Division of G-1, which is charged with the responsibility of equipping and supplying the A.E.F. with animals for draft and riding, with a declaration that the horse and its hybrid offspring, the mule, have played a highly important part in this war, and the assertion that this was still very much a horse war.

Where Gasoline Can't Go

The automobile may have won at Verdun, says the Billets and Remounts Division, but the horse has won more victories than he has hairs on his top-knot—for, say they, no victory could have been attained, no push could have succeeded, unless the horse was on the job to pull the guns forward, to take up the rations, the water, the ammunition through mud where trucks could not go, or over shell-swept ground equally impassable for the gasoline-propelled vehicle.

There are 1,500,000 horses and mules doing their bit for the Allied cause in France now. Approximately half of them are in the artillery service. Practically all of the field artillery of all the Allied armies below the six-inch gun is horse-drawn. The other half is working at a multitude of duties, most of which have taken them under fire at the front.

It is the horse which takes the ration cart forward over the shell-swept, shell-pitted roads to the men in the line. It is the horse which likewise takes forward the water. It is the horse, too, which transports most of the small arms ammunition and some of the artillery shells, and it is the horse who does this when conditions are the hardest and the weather the worst. With the coming of winter, with its snow, its cold and its mud, the horse just begins his work in earnest. Then he carries on while the automobile seeks firmer, safer paths behind.

Total at 210,000 at First

The American Army now has 169,000 horses and mules on active duty. This is what is left, fit for service at present, of a total of 210,000 horses and mules put into service by the Army. The rest were killed, were wounded, or became sick, and are being treated in hospitals.

Owing to the scarcity of ocean transport facilities, the value of an army horse in Europe is almost incalculable. His cash value is several times what it is in the States. For that reason, extraordinary means are employed for conserving the present supply. A mobile veterinary hospital is attached to each army corps. This receives all sick and wounded horses which there is a possibility of saving. If the case is a serious one, the animals are sent to base hospitals, either French or American. One of the largest veterinary hospitals in France is operated by the American Army. It will accommodate 3,000 animals. A horse goes the cycle of the hospitals about the same way a soldier does and, when he is fit, is returned to service.

Some Do's and Some Don'ts

With all this careful treatment, however, the wastage of horses is high. Some of this is attributed to improper care. There are cases where horses have been allowed to starve to death. To counteract this carelessness, the Billets and Remounts Division has issued this list of do's and don'ts to drivers:

Get acquainted with your horse, so that you will know when he is fit.

Treat him kindly and he will trust you.

Always carry one day's feed of grain.

Have a water bucket as a part of your equipment.

If out of feed, cut or pull grass. Dead grass is better than none at all. If there is no grass, cut brushes or shrubbery.

If you have no water bucket, use your helmet.

When mounted, if you know your horse, you should know when he needs a rest. If you dismount and lead him, you will readily see how much it refreshes him.

Never lose an opportunity to put your horse under shelter at night. If you have no cover, improvise it. A grain sack is quite a protection from rain or cold.

YANKS TO SEARCH FOR LOST ARCHIVES

Ruins of Town Halls Expected to Yield Valuable Harvest

Organizations of the A.E.F. stationed in newly reclaimed communities of France are directed by G.O. 202 to give special attention to the matter of searching the territory occupied by them for documents of all kinds which may be buried in the ruins of town halls or which, originating with the French civil authorities, may be scattered throughout the country.

"These documents," the order says, "though they may be incomplete and partially destroyed, nevertheless will be carefully preserved, for they will serve a special purpose in reconstituting the acts of the civil authorities, and their loss would be for the inhabitants, already sorely tried the cause of new wrongs and injustices."

The documents particularly to be looked out for are parish registers, which, together with whatever may remain of the files belonging to the notaries public, fiscal agents and in general to all public and state officers, are to be put in a place of safety.

Local commanders are to report all finds of documents to the nearest French provost or liaison officer serving with their units, and to request him to take charge of them under such instructions as may be given by the French military command.

TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES:

The mission intrusted to us by our country has not been ended by the armistice that is now in operation; and the same devotion to duty and sincere effort to attain efficiency which have marked your participation in the actual conflict are still demanded of you.

It is the desire of our government to return us to our homes at the earliest possible moment, and every effort will be made to accomplish that purpose. It will be as difficult, however, to effect our return to America as it was to bring us to Europe; and any lack of enthusiasm in the tasks still to be accomplished will surely serve to postpone the hour of our departure for the United States.

I trust that each of you will continue to maintain the high standard of efficiency and conduct that has characterized your service in the past; and I expect every officer and soldier to undertake, with the same fine spirit they have always exhibited, the duties yet to be performed before the mission of these forces is successfully completed.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING,
General U. S. Army.

G.O. 211, France, Nov. 20, 1918.

BIG S.O.S. WAREHOUSE FEEDS 400,000 MEN

Raw Material for Mess Kits Rushed to Argonne Fight

Life is just a rapid succession of canned fish, cheese, bacon, flour, oatmeal, cornmeal, beans, rice and all the other things that go to make up the menu of the American soldier in France, for the Quartermaster boys at the large American warehouses in the S.O.S.

It was the duty of the men at one particular warehouse to keep a large section of the troops at the late front supplied with all necessities. Sometimes the number of troops supplied from this warehouse unit alone would run as high at 400,000. During the Argonne attack the work required long hours—15 and 16 a day.

Some idea of the amount of foodstuffs sent out from this warehouse unit may be gained from the following average day's shipment: 56,000 cans canned fish, 17,5000 lbs. cheese, 168,000 lbs. bacon, 376,000 lbs. flour, 12,000 lbs. oatmeal, 12,000 lbs. cornmeal, 2,000 lbs. baking powder, 40,000 lbs. beans, 45,000 lbs. rice, 15,000 lbs. hominy, 50,000 cans tomatoes, 21,000 cans jam, 22,500 lbs. prunes, 11,250 lbs. evaporated apples, 5,625 lbs. evaporated peaches, 4,000 gallons syrup, 100,000 lbs. sugar, 37,500 pint cans evaporated milk, 1,000 gallons vinegar, 1,000 gallons pickles, 24,000 lbs. salt, 15,265 lbs. of butter, 420 bottles lemon extract, 420 bottles vanilla extract, 2,888,000 cigarettes, 94,500 small bags tobacco, 42,000 cans smoking tobacco, 1,500 lbs. chewing tobacco, 10,000 rolls toilet paper, 24,000 lbs. issue soap, 750,000 cakes soap, 96,000 boxes matches, 175 cases of cigars, 66,000 lbs. dehydrated potatoes, 78,500 lbs. canned roast beef, 94,000 2-lb. cans corned beef hash.

FRENCH M.P.'S CAN HOLD YANK AWOL'S

American Guardians Also Authorized to Arrest Poilu Absentees

American soldiers who have deserted or are AWOL may be arrested by French military police or gendarmes, under a new reciprocal agreement by which American M.P.'s are also authorized to arrest deserters or absentees from the French army.

The agreement also provides that the French military police may arrest an American soldier who is guilty of misconduct or commits an offense against French law or regulations, and American M.P.'s are given the right to arrest French soldiers under similar circumstances.

Lieutenant: Fasten that button.
Private: Which button, sir?

HOT HOUSE FARMERS TO WORK IN WINTER

Gas Patients Have Temperature Taken After Baseball Game

Old Israel Putnam left his plow in the field to do a little harvesting with the sword, but the record of many American soldiers, convalescing at one of our base hospitals, has been just the opposite.

From the pleasant occupation of making one German grow where two grew before they have gone to that of making two beans grow where one grew before.

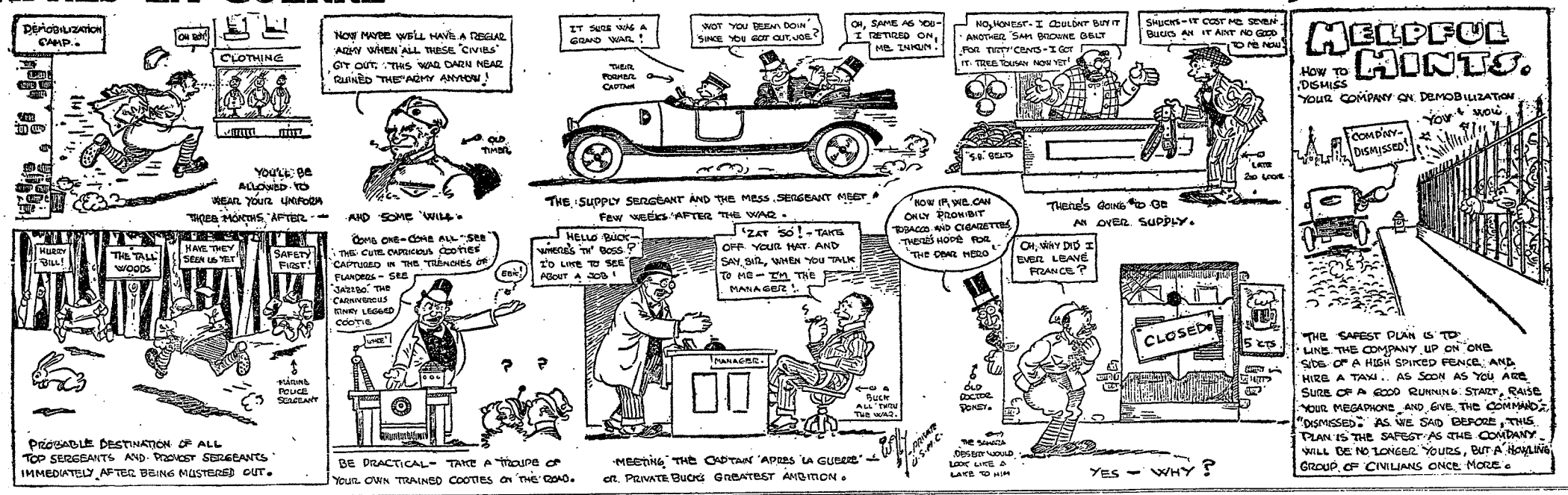
Vegetable gardening and working on French farms has proven highly successful at this particular base hospital in giving the wounded a new hold on life. So successful has it been, in fact, that a large hot house has just been finished so that the men may continue their work during the winter.

At this base hospital a ten acre vegetable garden furnished all of the fresh green vegetables for the patients, numbering over four thousand. These vegetables were mostly American varieties, many of them unknown in France.

Besides working in the garden, men have been loaned out to work on adjoining French farms through arrangements made with the French authorities. For this purpose the men are divided into squads of 15 each under the command of a non-commissioned officer.

Baseball for gas patients has achieved most satisfactory results at this same base hospital. After a man has made a long hit and run around the bases or pitched five innings of a close game his temperature is taken.

APRES LA GUERRE —By WALLGREN



CANTIGNY FIRST REAL TEST OF AMERICAN ARMY

Continued from Page 1

160 men; better troops and larger companies than the average in the German army at the time.

Cantigny's Strategical Importance

Difficult though the American position was to hold, it soon became evident that merely holding it would not suffice. The village of Cantigny, strongly organized and defended by the enemy, was on rising ground, affording admirable observation points overlooking the American lines and rear areas toward Amiens and Breteuil, and, moreover, presenting an excellent jumping-off place for a further great assault if the Germans should determine to resume their advance toward the coast. To safeguard the position and to place the line favorably for an Allied counter-offensive, if the chance for one should come, it was necessary that Cantigny should be taken and held. Preparations for the operation were begun at once.

The troops detailed to make the attack were the 28th Infantry, Colonel Ely; one battalion of the 26th Infantry, Major Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., for support, and detachments of French tanks and flame throwers. A section of terrain behind the American lines very similar in natural features to that occupied by Cantigny and its defenses was selected for maneuvering, and trenches in replica of the German ones were dug upon it. Sand tables showing the topography, woods, lines of change of the barrage, objectives, strong points, and all houses in Cantigny which might be expected to be organized as machine gun nests were prepared and minutely studied. Exact and detailed orders were prepared by the staff and the Artillery arranged accurate time tables for the preliminary bombardment and the rolling barrage.

Three Days of Rehearsal

For three successive days the troops which were to participate in the assault, rehearsed it in detail upon the selected terrain, until every officer and man knew perfectly the part which he was to perform, the route by which he was to advance, and the objective which he was to reach. This preliminary training being completed, every company commander, together with one other company officer and two non-commissioned officers, made a daylight reconnaissance to study the sector and select objects upon which to march when the assault should go off.

At length, after every conceivable preparation had been made and every precaution taken to insure success came the momentous night of May 27-28. Probably the troops did not yet know it, but on that very morning had occurred an event which was to give to their own compartively small undertaking even greater moral significance than it would otherwise have possessed.

That morning the Germans had gone over the top along the Chemin des Dames in the last of their successful great offensives; an offensive so successful at the beginning that it was perhaps more disquieting than any of those which had preceded it, carrying the enemy's lines down to the Marne at Château-Thierry and seeming for a time to threaten Paris with imminent attack. In the next day's news to a dismayed world, telling of the armies of the German Crown Prince striding southward across the Vesle, the electrifying success of the 1st American Division at Cantigny was the only bright spot; but it was a spot of exceeding brightnees.

Over the Top

Zero hour was set for 5:30 a.m., May 28. The designated Infantry units entrucked for the front lines at 12:30 a.m. and at 3 a.m. they were in position in their jumping-off trenches. Twelve French tanks and the French flame throwers were in position, the squadron of French airplanes detailed to make observations was ready to perform its part of the complicated task, and a detachment of United States Engineers was on hand for pioneer work. About 250 pieces of artillery, American and French, ranging in caliber from 75mm. to 280mm., stood prepared to open the bombardment at the appointed second.

Each Infantryman carried a shelter half, his rifle with 220 rounds of ammunition, 2 hand grenades, 1 rifle grenade, 1 Bengal flare, 4 sand bags, 2 days' rations, 2 canteens of water and either a pick or shovel.

At 4:57 a.m. every unit was in position and every arrangement completed. The night was calm and starlit, admirably suited to the work in hand. Promptly at zero hour, 5:30 a.m., the Artillery bombardment began with a roar and the hail of missiles crashed down upon Cantigny and its stone walls began to crumble and fly into splinters.

The terrific fire paralyzed the Germans and when, at 6:30 a.m., the bombardment was suddenly pulled back to the initial line of the barrage and the Infantry went over, advancing at the rate of 100 meters every two minutes and following the barrage at a distance of 50 meters, the enemy was so bewildered that he could not offer effective resistance. Mastered by the bayonets of the American Infantry and terrified by the tanks and flame throwers, the Germans surrendered in clusters, those who attempted to fight being shot down or captured as the rush of assaulting troops mopped up the town and its covering trenches. In an incredibly short time the objective line beyond Cantigny had been reached, with remarkably few losses.

But now came the far more difficult task of consolidating and holding the captured positions. The German counter artillery fire had come down promptly, and it was withering. It was necessary promptly to make the new line secure against the counter attack which was certain to be launched very shortly.

Consolidating the Positions

First, a line of shell holes was consolidated and, with the help of the Engineers, connected with hasty, shallow trenches, capable of being defended mainly with automatic rifles. Under a galling artillery barrage and a constant hail of machine gun and rifle fire, the men then wired these positions in front, while the third wave of the assault, close behind, was busy, under quite as difficult conditions, in consolidating three strong points immediately behind the front line; one in the woods 200 meters east of the smoking ruins of Cantigny one in the woods to the northeast of it, and one in the cemetery north of the town. Each strong point was garrisoned by one platoon of Infantry provided with automatic rifles.

Under cover of a vigorous machine gun barrage in which one captured German machine gun was participating, the Americans awaited the German reaction. For two hours after the capture of Cantigny the enemy's artillery fire continued with unabated intensity, in spite of the powerful response which the American and French guns were making to it. Telephone wires all along the American front were constantly cut, and it was during this period that one young American sergeant earned from the Germans the nickname of "the black snake of Cantigny" because of his success in wriggling over the top to repair cut wires.

Though they had lost their front line in the overwhelming rush of the American attack, the Germans were confident of their ability to retake it. Indeed, one German captain who had been taken and turned over to an American officer, upon finding himself held prisoner for a time in the front line, had the assurance to remark:

The First Counter Attack

"If you expect to keep me much longer, you had better send me to the rear; my men will retake this place within two hours."

True to expectations, just two hours after the capture of the town, the enemy's counter-attack was seen coming over from his reserve trenches in Laival Woods, protected by a barrage whose accuracy was carefully checked by experienced German aviators flying overhead. The attack fell upon the 2nd and 3rd battalions of the 28th Infantry. But, gallantly though they advanced, the enemy made the error of following the barrage at a distance of about 200 meters instead of 50 meters. The artillery fire passed over the American front line and gave the Infantry a chance to get into action before the assaulting line was upon them. Waiting until the latter was within 100 yards, the Americans opened fire with one burst of flame, and in a moment the Germans were fleeing toward Framecourt Wood, leaving upon the ground not less than 500 killed and wounded.

But, though the attack was thus decisively repulsed, it was only the first of six successive counter-attacks which were launched within the next 48 hours. As each was repulsed, the enemy became more exasperated, more desperate in his efforts to retake the lost positions.

Repulsing Germany's Best

It was not only that they were of value to him in themselves; the accumulating evidence of the dash and doggedness of the American troops as they continued to maintain themselves triumphantly against the utmost efforts that their adversaries could make was giving the lie so plainly to the German thesis that the American troops were no good and never could be made good; that is was impossible for the American effort ever to become a decisive factor in the war, that the enemy dared not let them retain their advantage. If they did retain it, the news was sure to leak out to the German army and people and to strike a chill of foreboding to their hearts as they thought of the millions of other equally sturdy Americans who were on their way to France, in fact or potentially.

So, for two harrowing days the enemy continued to smother Cantigny in shell fire and gas and to hurl the best troops he could gather upon the stubborn American line. But, from colonels to privates, the men who had come 3,500 miles across the sea to fight for human freedom and their own outraged rights upon a foreign soil stood firmly to their task, and it was here that such men as Lieut.-Col. Maxey, who, mortally wounded, continued to direct the movements of his men until he died; Corp. Robert Finnigan, who, also mortally wounded, concealed the fact and encouraged his squad and fired his automatic until exhausted from loss of blood, and Lieut. Clarence Drumm, who walked up and down the lines to encourage his men under the terrific fire until he was struck by a shell, gave to their own names the immortality of heroism and to American history fresh examples of the valor of the race to place beside those of Lexington, the Alamo and the Wilderness.

The Lesson of Cantigny

At length, after 48 hours of nightmare, the German attempts relaxed. Convinced by the loss of about 800 men killed, 500 wounded and 255 prisoners captured, and the loss of several pieces of light and heavy caliber artillery, many machine guns and rifles and a great quantity of ammunition and material that no sacrifice would recover their lost positions, and that the moral effect of the situation upon their own troops and people must be discounted by other means, if possible, the Germans settled back into their new lines, which they continued to hold until finally forced from them by the great Allied counter-offensive of mid-July.

Opposite to them, the 1st Division also remained on the ground its arms had won until the night of July 8-9, when it was at last relieved by French troops and went back for a few brief days of rest before going into a sector where it was to win for itself fresh and even greater laurels on the fields of the Marne salient, between Soissons and Château-Thierry.

But at Cantigny it had taught to the world the significant lesson that the American soldier was fully equal to the soldier of any other nation on the field of battle. Who can estimate the extent of the subtle influence which this proof exerted upon the gigantic armies locked in battle along the Western front, heartening the warriors of the Allies, dismaying those of the Central Powers, as they struggled literally for the mastery of the world upon the fields of the Marne and Picardy and Flanders through the weeks of June and July, 1918—perhaps the most momentous weeks in all history?

[This is the first of a series of articles designed to tell the A.E.F., concisely, clearly, dispassionately, and accurately the part it played in bringing about the common victory over the German Empire and its allies. The second article, dealing with the American effort at Château-Thierry, will appear in an early issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES.—EDITOR.]

IN THE GUARDHOUSE

Offending Buck: Say, how about it? Don't I get released pretty soon?

Sergeant of the Guard: The skipper hasn't said anything about it yet.

Offending Buck: Well, Sarge, just slip him the tip that the release of Allied prisoners is one of the terms in the armistice.

AS IT IS WRITTEN

First Casual Company Top: That new man must be a hell of a bad actor.

Second Casual Company Top: Yes, he's only marked "Good" on his service record.

TRAFFIC MEN ALL READY

Thirty officers and men of the Transportation Department who had made a special study of the German language for four months have established a headquarters at Nancy to conduct the first steps toward taking over from the German government 5,000 locomotives and 150,000 freight cars as provided for by the armistic agreement.

Although many of the Transportation men picked for this service have long been able to speak German fluently, some of them were chosen after spending hours daily in learning the language in anticipation of the collapse of the German government.

Their work will consist largely of making appraisements of the rolling stock according to the needs for the reconstruction work which the Allies are starting.

THE WAY THE SIGNAL CORPS DID IT

(U.S. Army Official Photograph)

50,000 INQUIRERS GIVEN PROPER STEER

Soldiers' Service Department Averages 1,500 Letters a Week

ARMY'S WAGERS SETTLED

Poker, Chevrons, Naturalization, Wives and Earthquakes All Asked About

The Soldiers' Service Department of THE STARS AND STRIPES established a record for itself last Saturday when 500 letters from members of the A.E.F. were placed in its hands. And while this brief summary of its work is the first occasion on which even the fact of its existence has been made known to the Army, still the Soldiers' Service Department has been receiving, for the past four months, an average of 1,500 letters every week. It has sent out something over 50,000 letters in eight months, written mostly by a man named Smith.

What are they about? Everything. Can men who came over with General Pershing wear a star in addition to their service stripes? Can anyone in the A.E.F. wear the fourragère? Can an American soldier be discharged in France? When are we going home? How do I get previous enlistment pay? Whereabouts in America will the free farms for soldiers be located? Tell my mother I'm all right. How can I be naturalized? How can I take a course in jurisprudence in a French university after the war? What's all this talk about a new uniform? Must I have a birth certificate to marry a French girl?

Those are just general questions. For every one mentioned above, the Soldiers' Service Department can show dozens, sometimes hundreds of identical queries.

Just as Hard to Look Up

Here are a few more specific samples, which are just as hard to look up as are those where one answer will fit a thousand different O.D. inquirers:

When did the San Francisco earthquake occur?

In a game of blackjack, A is dealing—(no need to go on with that one; the genial party in charge of the S.S.D. is of course a card sharp—that's the first qualification for the job).

Did the song, "All we do is sign the payroll" originate on the Mexican border?

Will you kindly tell my wife that I am well and send her my address?

Please send me the name of a firm which can supply me with a blow torch, a rat tail file, two six inch cold chisels, etc.

What are the expenses of a trip to Cork City, Ireland.

How many rounds did the Johnson-Jeffries fight last, and what was the date? (Apparently he knows who won.)

Queries like and unlike these have been pouring in in such bulk ever since THE STARS AND STRIPES was unfurled to the breeze last February that a department simply had to be created to attend to them. So it was. It started in a small way and grew with the Army. Word of its existence has not been spread abroad, but everybody in the Army seems to know that that department exists—anyway, they tell it all their troubles. And now that the Army's stay in foreign parts is beginning to show prospects of really terminating sometime, there is no harm in letting the Army know that the S.S.D. has been doing business all along.

One Big Question Now

There is just about one question that inquirers are concerned over now. It is phrased in a thousand ways, but the whole thousand come down to this: When are we going home?

Ask us. We don't know. We are personally interested, too; we don't intend to linger on here with no Army to write about. When the S.S.D. gets a question like that, it answers it to the best of its ability, either by admitting frankly that it doesn't know, or by giving the inquirer the right steer.

That, in a word, is the idea of the S.S.D.—to give the soldier the right steer. If it can't answer his question, it at least tells him who can, if an answer is reasonably possible.

The S.S.D. has had thousands and thousands of francs at its disposal. Every third man or so who writes in wants an argument settled which, he proudly states, he has backed in the coin of the realm, and the fruit of many paydays has been disposed of in consequence.

A few weeks ago the Soldiers' Service Department received word that six American Catholic soldiers were dying in a hospital near Paris. A priest was wanted, and a priest could not be found. It was not a question for Hoyle or the World Almanac to settle, not an answer to be prepared through a consultation of the file of G.O.'s and a typewriter. The department located a priest though, and the priest was carried to the hospital in a STARS AND STRIPES car in time to administer the last rites to the dying men.

And the next day several hundred, or at least a dozen, men wrote in to learn about the Mexican service stripe.

CAMERA MAN KILLED, PLATES GIVE UP TALE

Lieut. Estep Photographs Hill Which Quickly Becomes His Grave

DIES IN SIGHT OF SEDAN

Pictures Reveal Drama of Bursting Shells and Crawling Men Above Deadly Valley

In the dark room of a photographic laboratory near Paris this week two sensitized gelatine plates gave up the secret of the last minutes of Lieut. Ralph Estep, who was killed within sight of Sedan after he had faced death almost daily for three months so that millions of people could see through the eye of his camera what modern war is like.

Gradually taking on lights and shadows, the two plates showed the crest of a barren hill with shells bursting and casting up great spouts of earth, and just beyond the crest a valley black with the shadows of late afternoon, a valley that holds Lieut. Estep's grave.

Lieut. Estep had snapped the photographs a few moments before another one of those big shells burst and left him lifeless at the side of his camera and plate pack. That was about 5 p.m. of November 7—three days before the last guns of the war were fired.

A dozen penciled lines in his notebook, titles for the dozen pictures he had taken just before he was killed, make complete the story that the last photographs tell. He had written titles for every plate by numbers, and Plates No. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 showed the platoon forming for the reconnaissance. Plate No. 6 pictured a "slight brush," the first sight of the enemy.

Writes: "Men Crawling"

The dramatic climax was shown in Plates 11 and 12, his last ones, and in his note book the record stands:

11.—Burst—Killed.

12.—Men crawling.

The pictures were all taken on a cloudy day and are full of shadows, with little contrast, and 11 shows only the edge of the hill and the huge funnel-shaped shell burst. The word "killed" probably referred to what he had seen happen to the men just ahead of him. Picture No. 12 shows another huge column of flying earth with a line of doughboys dimly silhouetted against the darkness of the valley.

The last writing on the page—the lieutenant's last words were simply: "Nov. 7—Pack 16." Lieutenant Estep had reloaded his camera just before he fell.

Lieut. Estep's death is only one of the casualities among the 100 Signal Corps officers and men who have been taking still and motion pictures of the fighting Americans. One other photographer was dangerously wounded and six others were wounded more or less seriously. Another camera man, who had been listed as killed, has just been accounted for as a prisoner of war through a postcard he mailed from a German prison camp, asking his buddy to send him his heavy sweater.

Takes Rifle, Goes With Patrol

He is Corporal Daniel J. Sheehan, and his story is typical of the hazards the camera man takes. Corporal Sheehan and another Signal Corps man went into the St. Mihiel sector after the advancing Infantry, and took several reels of pictures before the roads became thick and almost motionless with traffic and an embargo was placed on the movement of everything except men and food and munitions. So, after his automobile had been seized to haul back wounded, and his camera had been salvaged by the Q.M.C., Corporal Sheehan picked up a rifle and started out with a patrol.

That was the last account his commanding officer had of him until the postcard came back from Germany. Meanwhile, there had been several men named Sheehan listed in casualty reports, and after an interval of three weeks Corporal Sheehan was presumed dead.

Up in the photographic laboratories where they developed films of the still and movie pictures the camera men take, they tell you that the camera man must face a shell for every click of the camera shutter, a bullet for every flicker in the film.

Preserve Historic Battles

Through the work of these men, American soldiers all through France and the folks back home are shown what St. Mihiel was like, why the Argonne had to be battered at as if it were a wall and how the great American Army straightened out and leaped away for Sedan when it broke through the dam of man-power that Germany tried to interpose.

There were dark, rainy days when the camera man's game was bad, and then cameras were put aside for rifles. The camera men have been pinch hitters in almost every other branch of the service, helping build bridges and haul back wounded. In addition, there are several photographers who can tell you manful tales of close-up fighting with the enemy and of prisoners taken at the point of a lens.

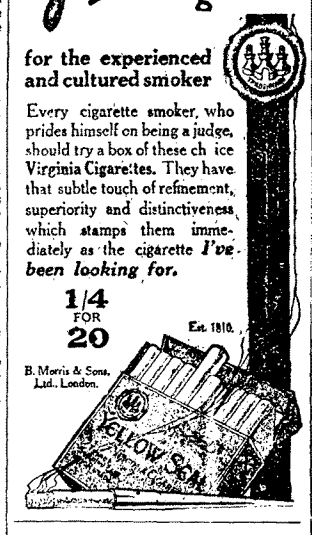
One thing they'll emphasize, though. That is, it's dangerous to use a movie camera too near the front. It will draw fire. It looks too much like a new-fangled machine gun, and a doughboy can't always stop to inquire delicately who is behind it when he sees a movie machine poked at him from a clump of trees. Many a movie man has faced the danger from doughboy guns which were trained on a supposed machine gun nest which was only a moving picture camera nest.

ON THE RIGHT TRAIL

Courier: Where can I find Major Tactics?

Third Assistant Adjutant: Never heard of him. What's he in?

Courier: Search me. The Army, I suppose.



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DOUGHBOYS BUILD TRENCHES IN S.O.S.

Infantrymen Set Record for Cable Laying in Four Day Job

The first anniversary of the establishment of the United States Signal Corps office in Base Section No. 2 came this month. The number of messages handled daily has jumped during the year from three to several thousand, making the office second only to that at Tours.

At 6:15 p.m. on November 15, 1917, Corporal Fred C. Moffat opened American telegraphic communications between Bordeaux and Paris. Three telegrams were transmitted that evening.

By November 15, 1918, the office, which one year ago could have been housed in a drygoods box, had expanded to an establishment requiring a personnel of 50 men and a plant with 32 desk positions from which radiate circuits to 25 outside cities and camps. This central office handled on October 8, 4,620 telegrams, and on November 14, 3,177.

Some Speedy Doughboys

To doughboys stationed at a rest camp near by goes the credit for making one of the quickest wire-laying jobs on record. At the time the telephone exchange was moved from its former location to the new headquarters it was necessary to install 100 circuits between the new building and the French Exchange, a distance of nearly a mile, through the busiest part of the business district. The presence of signal and power wires in the air at various points made the installation of an aerial cable impracticable.

A full Infantry company of 220 men was selected for the duty. They went to work at 7 p.m. with picks and shovels, and, with the aid of 12 acetylene searchlights, they worked all night. At 7 a.m. they were relieved by another Infantry company, augmented by the original 50 men and 20 colored Stevedores.

The work continued in this way from 7 p.m. Friday night until 2 a.m. Monday, when the last shovelful of earth was thrown into the trench.

BORDEAUX RELENTS, AND YANKS GET FED

Rolling Kitchens Finally Allowed to Clutter Classic Streets

All the traditions of the city of Bordeaux, from the time of the Roman conquest down, were broken the other day in order that a detachment of doughboys might be served with hot dinners while they were employed in work on an electric cable in the heart of the city.

It was a day and night job, and the officers desired to aid to the comfort of the men as much as possible by setting up some Army kitchens in one of the streets and serving piping hot coffee and chow.

But the gendarme, representative of French law and order, objected. Capt. W. R. Matheny, Signal Officer, took the matter up with the chief of police, and finally with the mayor. The latter demurred, owing to the fact that there was no law or custom whereby such a thing could be done.

He, however, finally gave in on condition that a side street should be used and the street closed for the time being, with an M.P. at each end.

This was duly done, and the hot meals were served.